Saturday Review

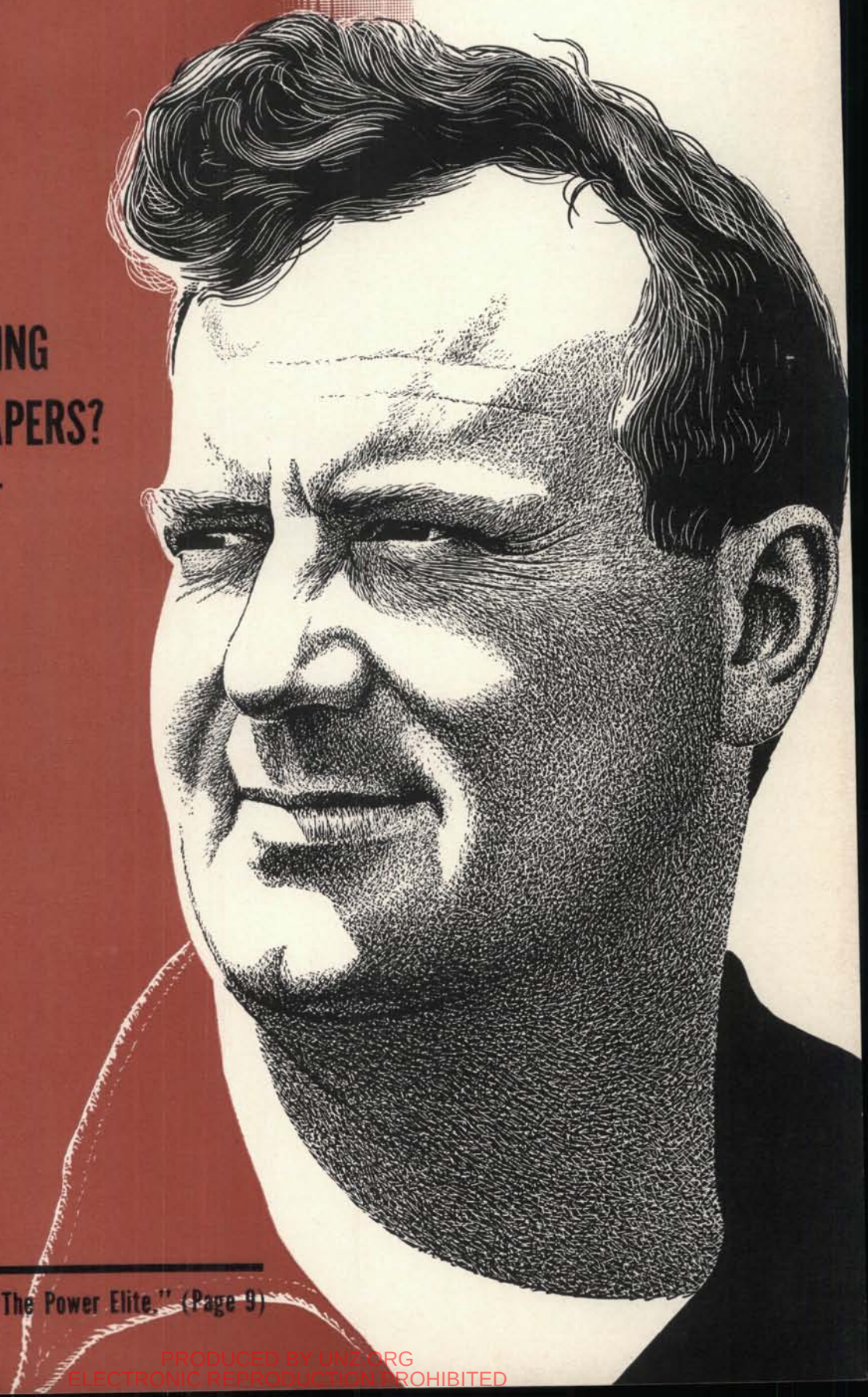
APRIL 28, 1956 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR NEWSPAPERS?
By Louis B. Seltzer

OORAY FOR ENERY 'IGGINS
By Irving Kolodin

WESTERNS WITH THE WILLIES
By Hollis Alpert



. Wright Mills, author of "The Power Elite." (Page 9)

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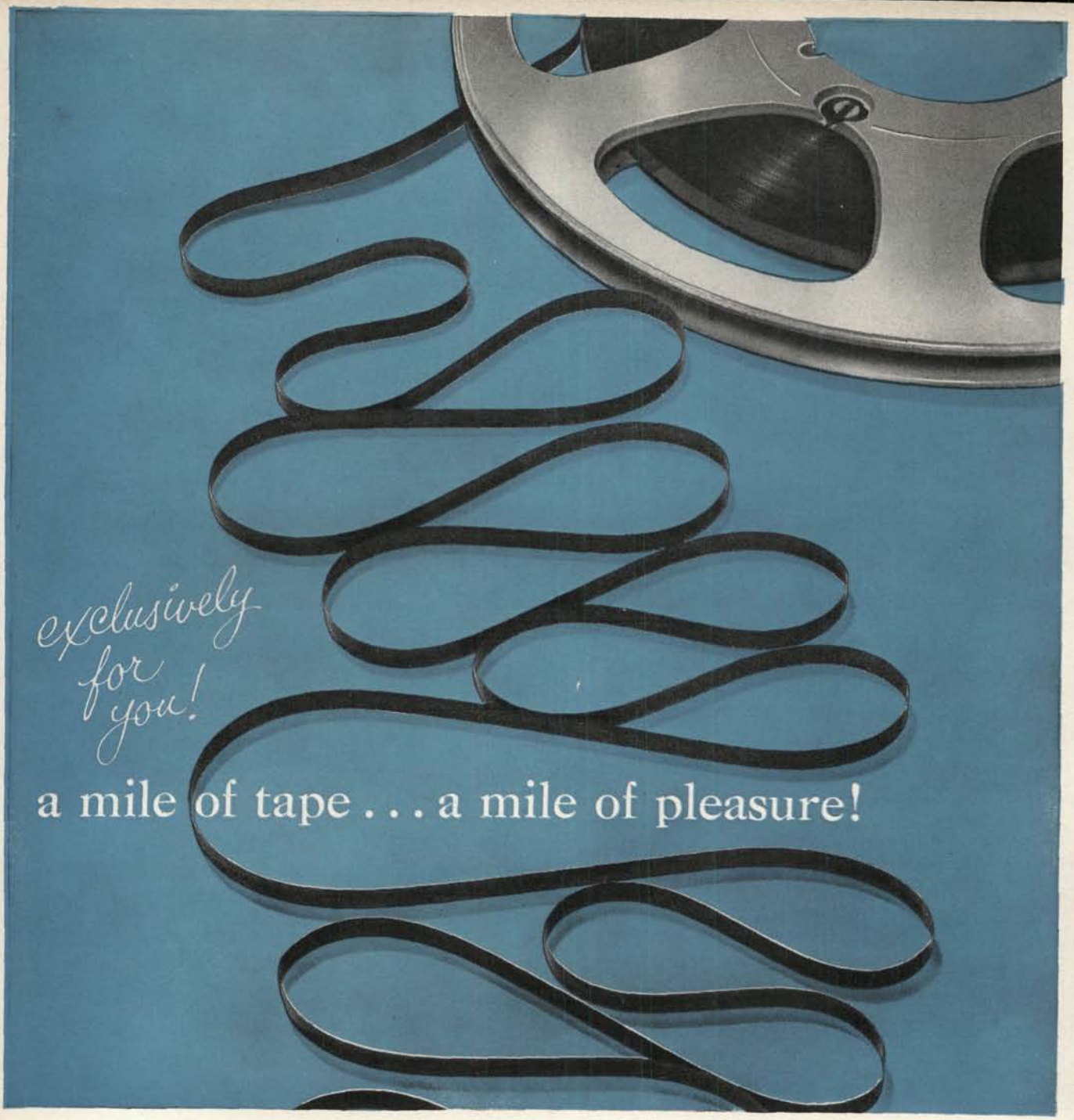

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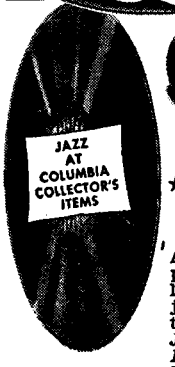

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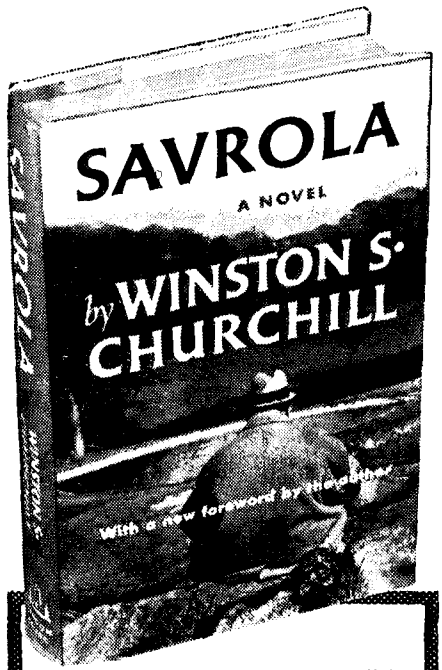

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TRADE Winds

DID YOU KNOW that there are a dozen or so completely fictitious biographies-in-brief scattered through the pages of "Who's Who in America" and similar publications of the A. N. Marquis Company?

"Who's Who" is a trademarked name, with a reputation built up over a span of more than fifty years. The "dummy" biographies (the Marquis people refer to them as "burglar alarms") are effective in trapping unscrupulous imitators who use old editions of "Who's Who" as a basis for compiling their own volume. Invariably they mail an inquiry to one of the "dummies," which puts the Marquis Company on to their trail at once. A secondary purpose of the fictitious inserts is to uncover companies who are using "Who's Who" as a mailing list, a practice the publishers do their best to discourage.

Wheeler Sammons, Jr., publisher at Marquis, tells me, "The 'dummy' sketches are strictly figments of our imagination, but the addresses belong to members of our staff or friends. That's how we nail imitators. In certain cases of flagrant violation the Federal Trade Commission has cracked down. The actual names of the 'dummies'? That's a deep, dark secret. They're changed from time to time to see that they stay that way."

WRITES NED SELVIN OF NEW HAVEN: "Have you heard about the tourist who banged his foot against a bagnio in Libya? Tobruk, that's all." That's enough, Mr. Selvin. . . . In Hollywood, Bob Hope signed to portray the role of the legendary Wilson Mizner in a star-spangled Broadway musical being whipped up by a pair of promising neophytes named S. N. Behrman and Irving Berlin with assists by George S. Kaufman. Sounds wonderful! . . . The Palm Springs Book Shop, owned and operated for eighteen years by Virginia Colville Smith, has been sold to Mr. and Mrs. Dimmitt of Boston, Mass., and Miss Smith is off to Acapulco for a long-planned rest. TRADE WINDS is happy to learn from Mr. Dimmitt that he first heard the Palm Springs shop was for sale via an item in this column. May he never regret his move! . . . Anecdote by Leo Guild, not designed to please writers: a young hopeful, eager to crack TV, wrote what he thought was a masterpiece—and sure enough it was sold. But when he actually saw it on TV he scarcely recognized it. Distinctly annoyed, he resubmitted the original script—and sold it again. But a second time the producers radically altered his original. He had been paid so well for the two jobs that he now had enough money to finance his own production of the story—exactly as he had written it. The completed film has been kicking around now for months. It's terrible.

AT A RECENT DINNER PARTY John Gunther, whose "Inside Africa" bids fair to outsell all his other famous "inside" jobs, was discovered in earnest conversation with Alan Paton, author of the memorable "Cry the Beloved Country." Surprise, surprise; They were talking about Africa!

A rash columnist recalled the anecdote about a squad of telephone men assigned to stretch a new line across a remote district in the Zulu country. A Zulu chief and his advisor watched the operation with vast disdain. "White men idiots," decided the chief. "Put wire so high, livestock can walk right out under it." "And I," added Mr. Paton, "heard that story in Johannesburg when I was a boy of twelve."

HOLLYWOOD REPORTER MIKE CONNOLLY'S nomination for the most frustrated yeggman of the decade: The one who masterminded a successful holdup of the town's biggest bank, then discovered that the loot consisted entirely of questions and answers to a TV quiz show. . . . Texas oil man offered a Cadillac dealer $100,000 for a car that could travel faster than sound. "My wife," he explained, "sits in the back seat." . . . Animal trainer with a tiger for sale heads his ad "Subdue it yourself!" . . . Cynical Herb Stein thinks it's ten to one that the fellow who always slaps you on the back is trying to make you cough up something. . . . When Chief Justice Warren

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attended a reunion of his class of 1912 at the U. of California, an observer insists, his one-time economics professor, rather known for being absentminded, tapped him on the shoulder and said rather sharply, "What have you been up to, Warren? Seems to me you've missed a lot of classes recently!" . . . New name for psychiatrists in Beverly Hills: Ambivalence chasers. . . . An Italian orchestra director's son was the only kid in his class to identify a selection played by the school orchestra as a composition of Paganini. "Your father's training, I suppose," beamed the teacher. "No seen my pop in six months," protested the kid. "I read it here on the music." The teacher looked. It said "Page nine."

AT THE FLIGHT TEST OBSERVATIONS Division at Edwards Air Force Base in California tests are being conducted with a rocket plane called the X-2 that is intended to travel toward the unknown about three times as fast as sound. It is, in effect, a rocket ship with a controllable throttle, and very hush-hush indeed, although a few non-essential details were revealed in an exciting article by Lt. Col. Pete Everest in a recent article in *Look* magazine.

Some weeks ago Mervyn Le Roy, Hollywood bigwig, conceived the notion of building a feature film around the testing of the X-2, and he persuaded Bill Holden, one of the "hottest" actors in movies today, to star in same. Before beginning production Le Roy and Holden, armed with a walletful of necessary passes from headquarters, drove out to the testing grounds to talk to the engineers, scientists, and pilots who have been working on the project.

Once inside the area the two film notables made a beeline for the Bell Hangar that obviously housed the X-2. Greetings with personnel were exchanged, and the visitors began looking about. Suddenly they made a strange discovery. They were absolutely alone in the giant hangar! Every man who had greeted them there had disappeared!

Le Roy knew a moment of sickening fear. But suddenly the mystery was solved. While he and Holden were busy examining the X-2 every one of the ranking scientists, engineers, and officers engaged in perfecting an airplane capable of traveling higher than any other jet without disintegrating were crowded around Le Roy's new Continental Mark II automobile at the gate, exclaiming over the details of its design and wondering how many weeks' pay it would take to get one delivered FOB to Edwards Base! —BENNETT CERF.

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Book-of-the-Month Club News

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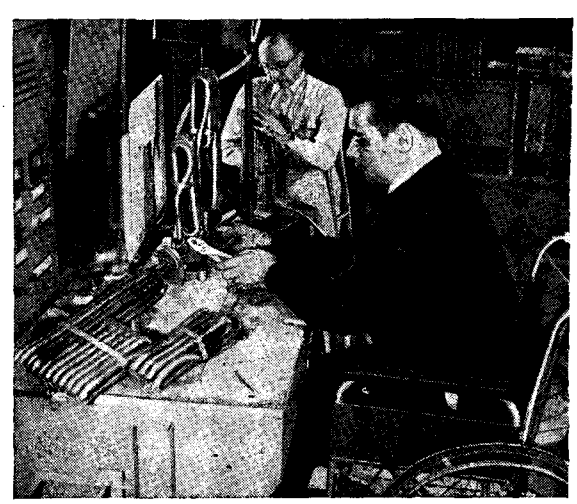
We find that buying locally helps assure good service and can lead to a warm, personal relationship for both buyer and seller. In Rome, Georgia, for example, our Medium Transformer plant buys from 900 different companies; 540 of them are located nearby. In Morrison, Illinois, the Appliance Control plant buys from 1,400 firms—780 of them within 150 miles of Morrison. Our X-Ray plant in Milwaukee needs 894 suppliers—nearly 600 of them local. And every General Electric plant can tell a similar story.

As we see it, growth of companies like General Electric means progress for all who have a stake in the enterprise — suppliers, customers, share owners, employees and the public.



Abilities, Inc., of West Hempstead, New York, a supplier of General Electric, has grown from 4 employees to 186 in 3 years. This company employs only disabled workers — many of them veterans — and has earned contracts with several General Electric product departments because of its specialized skill and service.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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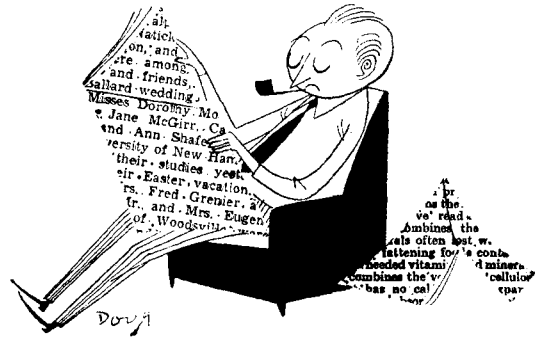
The Saturday Review
APRIL 28, 1956

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO OUR NEWSPAPERS?



It's one thing to be free, another to function. A free newspaper which is largely trivial or smug, timid or blind, is just as useless to the common man as the broadside distributed by street-corner toughs in political dictatorships. Louis B. Seltzer knows these things first-hand; he has written here a detailed report of what's right and wrong with American papers and what their outlook is like. Mr. Seltzer has been editor of The Cleveland Press *since 1928; in that time it has become one of the most successful newspapers in the world, with a program of public service that has made it an Ohio institution—circulation, 311,800.*

By LOUIS B. SELTZER

NEWSPAPER circulation is now at all-time peaks. Advertising volume is incredible; the goose hangs high. Profits in spite of costs and taxes are pretty good. We in our business are well fed, well clothed, well sheltered, and anxious to let well enough alone. We think we are good, because business and circulation are good. In the last decades the phenomena of science have thrown multiple competition at us; not only are we surviving but we are expanding almost everywhere and in some places fabulously. It is quite true that over the years there has been a high mortality rate among newspapers, but even that, at least for the moment, appears to be suspended.

Despite all the happy omens, however, it may be useful to step out of the sunshine for a few minutes in order to observe some scattered clouds.

A lot has happened in the roughly forty years I have been in the business. For one thing, forty years ago newspapers were virtually alone as the principal medium of fact and opinion. There were some magazines, but they were mainly concerned with fiction and entertainment. Newspapers were vital, enterprising, resourceful, audacious. They dug. They tolerated no intermediaries. They went to original sources. They were courageous. They were dedicated, devoted, determined.

Along came Bigness—Bigness begot by mass production. Instantly, as is the way of such things, it affected, influenced, and catalyzed the newspaper business. Gradually, along with almost everything and everybody else, we changed character if not form. Original reporting, crusading, individual investigative reporting began to subside, almost in proportion as features, fiction, comics, departments, and entertainment flowed into our columns. It seemed logical, even inevitable. Circulation was the big thing; increased advertising volume was important. And as costs rose in a fabulously expanding economy there was created an economic cycle. It couldn't have been otherwise. Probably it shouldn't have been otherwise. But this cycle did, nonetheless, produce some changes—and it is with these changes, both good and bad, with which I now propose to deal.

It is a fact, evidence for which literally abounds on newsstands, that, whereas newspapers were once primarily concerned with fact and opinion, and magazines with fiction and

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features, an abrupt, signficant, and interesting reversal has taken place. The magazines of America gradually became the instruments of original reporting, crusading, investigative reporting. The newspapers of America gradually took on the former coloration of the magazines with their fiction, features, crossword puzzles, panels, columnists, comics, and other entertainments.

It is important to consider this shift as between newspapers and magazines. For one thing, in newspaper offices a realignment of relative staff importance has taken place. It is a shift from emphasis upon original and investigative reporting to the columnist or clever, sprightly writer—the personality with turned phrase or ingeniously contrived approach. For another, de-emphasis of what once was the newspaper's essential strength has occurred at precisely the wrong time. When it is needed most its absence is most conspicuously noted and felt. It is especially needed today in order to deal with the big changes of our age.

Across the nation, in every community no matter what size or economic condition, there are sweeping social, economic, political, and physical changes that literally cry out for the attention, leadership, counsel, guidance of American newspapers. If, as I am personally convinced, there is a paradoxical frustration and impotence felt by the individual in America in the presence of unprecedented plenty, then how much more this paradoxical feeling afflicts our communities—overwhelmed as they are by tremendous change, industrial expansion, educational inadequacies, housing shortages, racial frictions, business realignments, deterioration of inner cores, by the fierce sociological and psychological winds which blow across the whole American landscape.

Knowing their present is prosperous, and convinced and believing, therefore, their future relatively secure, too many editors believe their newspapers need not change. It's much easier to hire wire services than to gather, write, and print local news. The wire news is already there, ready to pick up and set. You don't have to hire a lot of men and women to round it up. You don't get into arguments with your readers over it.

Local situations are the conversation pieces for nine-tenths of the talk among newspaper readers. Most papers, however, give nine-tenths of Page One to news from remoter and less controversial areas. They then check with *The New York Times* to see if their judgments are upheld.

When most papers *do* turn to their local scenes what do they cover? In too many cities and on too many papers it's the easy way out that editors seek. They take the news the press agents bring in. They cover meetings and speeches and good causes that come easy and that no one can find any fault with. They blurb the friend of a friend at the Union Club, where the editor eats his lunch every day.

I take my hat off to the few newspapers in this country whose editors are going out and getting the local stories which are hard to get—and which sometimes loose all hell on the editorial offices—but these papers are very, very scarce. I can count them on the fingers of my two hands, maybe one. It's easy to cover the annual meeting of the Welfare Federation, but it's tough to tell about the veteran probate judge who is stealing from the estates in his trust. It's easy to reprint the police chief's report on how crime has declined each year, but rugged when you set out to document and illustrate how policemen are mooching from the refrigerators of brothels. It's easy to talk about desegregation far away, but not right at home.

THE Magazines, to repeat, are doing some of the best digging for facts going on in this country today. And newspapers, many of them built to greatness on the tradition of fearless reporting, are only going through the motions of covering beats or waiting for the news releases to be thrown through the transom. I feel certain that big stories, tremendous situations, are lying undiscovered and untouched in almost every large city in the country waiting for alert reporters directed by energetic and fearless editors to

(*Continued on page* 30)

The New York Times.

LATE CITY EDITION

PRESIDENT HINTS SHELL COMPROMISE TO GET FARM BILL

6 Firemen Killed, 7 Hurt As Blazing Wall Collapses

PRAVDA CHARGES DISSIDENTS ABUSE ANTI-STALIN DRIVE

SOVIET ASKS U.S. TO SPECIFY DATES FOR CUT IN ARMS

U.N. COUNCIL BIDS HAMMARSKJOLD SURVEY MIDEAST

VOTE UNANIMOUS

Secretary General Off Tomorrow to Try to Ease Tension

BOTH PARTIES SEE GAIN IN WISCONSIN

TEACHER GROUPS WRANGLE ON PAY

PRESIDENT FIRM ON TROOP POLICY

O'DONNELL IS CITED IN CONTEMPT WRIT

Truman Due to Sail For Europe May 11

Sultan and Franco Talk in Madrid

EISENHOWER TEXAS VISIT STILL STRONG

←THE NEW YORK TIMES, probably the greatest newspaper in the world, was founded in 1851. She calls herself an "Independent Democrat," though she blesses many, if not most, Republicans. Even her critics do not accuse this herculean daily of scanting or suppressing any news; the only complaint is that some story or other must be found on Page 46 instead of Page 6. Weekday circulation: 534,376; Sunday: 1,149,467.

THE EUGENE (Oregon)→ REGISTER-GUARD, a fine example of the small American paper, must always worry about the balance between news of national significance (which its readers also get from magazines and radio) and local events (where it has a free hand). Founded in 1859, it is an Independent paper. Weekday circulation: 32,565; Sunday: 32,573.

Eugene Register-Guard

CLOUDY

Damage Assessed In Storm-Stricken Areas of Country

Donkey Socks Just as Popular

Wall Crushes Six Firemen In New York

U.N. Secretary Maps Plans For Peace Trip

New Outburst Of Violence Rocks 'Strip'

Thug Throws Acid in Face Of Columnist

Phillips Says He Made Secrecy Vow

Co-op Kiln, Planer Sold

Bohlen Called To Capital

Jury Convicts 54-Year-Old

O&C Boards Urge Change

INSIDE TODAY

DEAL MADE ON CAT . . .

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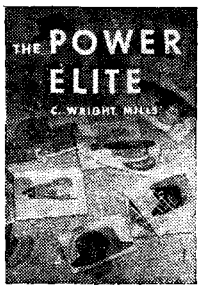

SR's Book of the Week:

"THE POWER ELITE"

Author: C. Wright Mills

An American View

By FRED RODELL, *professor of law, Yale University.*

C. WRIGHT MILLS'S "The Power Elite" (Oxford University Press, $6) is both fascinating and infuriating and may well, over the years, become famous—one of those famous books that everybody knows about and almost nobody reads.

It is a sort of amalgam of the slants and the stuff of Gustavus Myers and Ferdinand Lundberg, and especially Thorstein Veblen.

Mr. Mills's thesis, perforce put too briefly here, is that the U.S. is run today by three groups of overlapping, often interchangeable, and basically irresponsible top dogs—"the war lords, the corporation chieftains, the political directorate." Of these the generals and admirals are the Johnnys-come-lately to power; nuclear fission and its impact both on international relations and on the juicy contracts of a "permanent war economy" make ambassadors and corporation chairmen of the military. The rich were always top dogs, but the old silver-spoon aristocracy has been largely superseded this century by the nouveaux fat-cats of corporate finance, right down to today's oil-rich Texans. As for the politicos, the power-wielders no longer rise through elected ranks but step straight into high administrative posts, picked from the upper echelons of big business, Army, or Navy.

As Mr. Mills says it, the notion that the middle classes, *en masse*—labor unions, consumer groups, even the farm bloc—exert a balancing control over the Government is an anachronism out of the nineteenth century, comparable to a belief today in the existence of free competition; the "romantic pluralism" of such optimistic political analysts as David Riesman (whom he mentions) and Samuel Lubell (whom he does not) is dismissed as "folklore." And the bottom level of fragmented men-in-the-street, willing victims of slick one-way "opinion-making" through newspapers, radio, and especially television, is almost ripe for totalitarian plucking. For the same mass-manipulation technique that is used to sell soap and to sell celebrities can be used—and has been—to sell both political figures and political ideas.

But he keeps coming back to the really rich as the really powerful: their control of corporations leading them to use, and admit to their prestigious ranks, the top military—their own members taking over the true pinnacles of political control. These really rich plus their somewhat less rich aides and equals in prestige and power, like the lawyers, are recruited, says Mr. Mills with statistics and examples, predominantly from the eastern, urban, Protestant, upper class.

Not only do they belong to the right families and the right churches but they have gone to the right preparatory schools (St. Mark's, Groton, Andover, etc.) and the right (Ivy League) colleges, and they mingle in easy aristocracy at the right metropolitan clubs. The theme of church-and-school-and-club runs like a blue thread through the book, right up to Mr. Mills's conclusion that his "power elite," the end-product of this rigorous and fancy rat race, come to combine a mindless mediocrity with a "higher immorality" to rule the nation in an "organized irresponsibility."

Provocative as all of it is, convincing as much of it is, Mr. Mills yet manages to prove too much and too little. If he thinks that it is their "proper" breeding and churching and schooling which inculcates into the "power elite" their anti-intellectual money-mindedness he should say so outright, which he does not. Nor does he face—though he briefly flirts with—the key and related question as to *which* of the early thousands of "properly" prepared young conformists rise to the top ranks of power, and why. (The answer has something to do with *individual* ambition, *individual* ruthlessness, and an *individual* taste and talent for smoothly unobvious servility—a trio of traits which can also bring success to farm boys and non-Protestants and graduates of the wrong schools.)

INDEED, the chief weakness of Mr. Mills's powerfully presented thesis is that, straight in the structured social-science tradition, it is too pat, too patterned—and too pessimistic. He

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SOCIOLOGIST ON A MOTORCYCLE: C. Wright Mills, a tall, husky, hard-driving Texan of forty, has made a professor's dream come true: his scholarly monographs—he is Associate Professor of Sociology at Columbia—are also hot sellers on the trade-book market. His most successful, "White Collar," a study of the American middle class, sold thirty thousand copies at six dollars, even though it bristled with statistics and footnotes that must support original academic research. Dissatisfied with the academic jargon and minutely limited discussion, typical of most social-science writing, Mr. Mills has tried, as he says, to keep his point of view "humanistically inclined."

His humanism, though it is expressed in twentieth-century terms, is quite broad enough to suggest the Renaissance man. He took his B.A. and M.A. in philosophy at the University of Texas, his Ph.D. in sociology at the University of Wisconsin, and somewhere during this period he found time to acquire professional architectural training and awesome competence with machinery, tools, and photographic equipment. He lives, with his wife and seven-month-old daughter, on a five-and-a-half-acre farm in Rockland County, New York, in an old farmhouse that he completely rebuilt with his own hands. His craftsmanlike feeling for tools is reflected in his writing methods, too. "The Power Elite" took him more than seven years from idea to finished manuscript, the last two or three years being occupied with the writing of no less than seven complete drafts. Once a sports-car enthusiast, he has now graduated to motorcycles, and owns a German BMW. Weather permitting, he commutes on this thoroughbred machine to his Columbia classes, thus neatly solving the parking problem at Morningside Heights, and asserting his own independent personality.

His simultaneous successes as scholar and writer also bear the vigorous imprint of that personality. In thus making the best of two worlds he appears to be succeeding the late Thorstein Veblen, whose role as a vigorous and articulate public critic of American society he much admires. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

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scrapes too lightly over the fact, which does not fit to form, that a coterie of intellectuals ruled the nation during the early New Deal. In pooh-poohing the present power of the voting public, including the farm bloc, he seems to forget that Harry Truman whipped the hand-picked candidate of the "power elite" only two elections back. There have been generals in the White House before now and the common cliche is that Andrew Mellon had three Presidents serve under him, but neither the military nor big business stayed in power long.

The root of the pessimism that makes Mr. Mills project his dismal present into an indefinite future is a basic and frankly stated lack of faith in democracy, small "d." In the face of the new weapons for both mass destruction and mass propaganda he doubts that the people have either the sense or the will ever to put today's "power elite" back in their proper place. He could be right. And yet, just as Veblen's work seems to him too dated for the mid-twentieth century, so Mr. Mills's acid analysis of our current times might conceivably sound as dated as Veblen's, come 1960 —or even November 1956.

A British View

By DENIS W. BROGAN, *Professor of political science, Cambridge University.*

JUST before reading C. Wright Mills's highly entertaining, stimulating, useful, uneven, and valuable book "The Power Elite" I was reading another study of the same subject, John O'Hara's "Ten North Frederick." I was not a newcomer to the chronicles of Gibbsville, Pa., and with much of the mores, class lines, somewhat repetitive sexual habits of Gibbsville I had been familiar since I set off with so many others on the journey to Samarra. But, although I grew up in a small town in Scotland not much bigger than Gibbsville and like it in many ways, I was still puzzled. How could so small a town find time and room for so many class distinctions in the free and equal republic of the United States? I am still puzzled, but less puzzled than I was, for Mr. Mills has cast a lot of light on the "Second Thursdays" of Gibbsville, on the hierarchy of Gibbsville society and business, on the limitations that modern American life imposes on the exercise of the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Anyone who thinks that the United States is just one big happy

family, the two extremes of rich and poor merging in a common middle class wearing a gray flannel suit, had better read this crushing exposure of this superstition.

Since I didn't begin this book believing these new legends of the American classless society, since I had heard of expense accounts and tax evasion, I was not as startled as simpleminded readers of *Fortune* may be. Since I think that the preservation of a high level of corporate morality is a difficult job (look at the history of the monastic orders, of Oxford and Cambridge) I am not startled to learn from Mr. Mills that maybe putting all into the hands of the business executive is fraught with some risk. And since I don't boil with moral indignation as much as I used to (or, as I suspect, Mr. Mills does) I am less shocked than many readers may be at executives who spend tax-free money on blondes at the Stork Club. In short, coming from a society where it is still assumed that "it's the rich as gets the pleasure, it's the poor as gets the blime," I found myself saying "ditto" to Mr. Mills nearly all the time and sometimes saying "that's a new point to me."

What is Mr. Mills saying? He is asserting that under a formally egalitarian political structure there is a great deal of built-in inequality, that it pays to have rich Protestant parents, to go to a good prep school and an Ivy League college, to have family or school friends with jobs and entrees to give away, that it is still as true as in Iago's day that it pays to "put money in thy purse," that money breeds money, that no one became or becomes a millionaire by mere saving, that men of power are birds that flock together, that the pattern of power may change but the fact of power doesn't.

What kept me on my toes reading "The Power Elite" was the comparison I kept on making with my native land. It is one of the highly visible features of life in Britain, more especially in England, that above a certain income and educational level it is nearly true to say that "everybody knows everybody." It is not quite true, but it is true that nearly "everybody" has some acquaintances or friends in common. This tie-up is what Henry Fairlie in *The Spectator* pejoratively calls "the Establishment." Good or bad thing, it is a fact; its existence explains, for instance, the long immunity of Burgess and Maclean, so much more interesting than the long immunity of Alger Hiss, to which Mr. Wright, quoting Whittaker Chambers, refers. Has the United States got an "Establishment"? Mr. Mills says "Yes"; I should rather say "Not yet." No doubt at the very top all the people with $1,000,000 a year know each other (outside Texas anyway). No doubt all the editors of the very important newspapers know each other; all the very important lawyers; all the Nobel Prizemen for science. But this is very far from the automatic knowledge of members in the common pool of acquaintanceship that marks England. No doubt size has something to do with it. The United States is very big.

It may be well on the way to a new national ruling class, but it hasn't arrived yet. Indeed, the passionate pursuit of exclusiveness, the belief in often legendary genealogies, the social anti-Semitism of clubs and country clubs, the rather crude character of what in England is called "the aristocratic embrace" suggest to me that a lot of polishing of rough diamonds will have to be done before the United States reaches the uniformity and unity of a governing class such as England has.

MR. MILLS raises a large number of very interesting questions to which he usually gives plausible if not always totally satisfactory answers. He is illuminating and, I think, fairly convincing on what gets an executive into the really big executive suites; it is not an eloquent defense of sincerity in furniture-making. It is in part the art of the courtier. You must *look* like raw material for the higher echelons to those who are already in the higher echelons. You must learn to speak, or have been taught from childhood, the language of the higher echelons, the language of *ce pays-çi*, as Madame de Sévigné said of Versailles.

As I finished this brilliant book I was reminded of a possibly legendary speech delivered to a high-school graduating class by the late Mayor Kelly (of the Chicago Kellys). "Boys and girls, remember when you go out into the world that money won't buy happiness, money won't buy respect, money won't buy honor. Confederate money, that is." That is not the only thing that Mr. Mills is saying, but it is one of the things. "'Tis pity, 'tis, 'tis true."

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Captain of the Team

"Eisenhower the President," by Merlo J. Pusey *(Macmillan. 300 pp. $3.75), is a Washington newspaper editor's appraisal of the man and his Administration to date.*

By Walter Millis

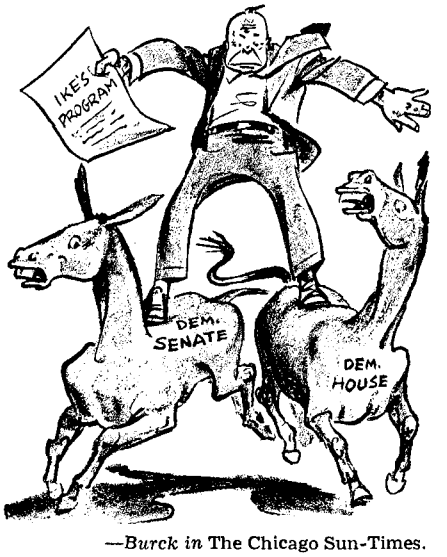
MERLO J. PUSEY, associate editor of the *Washington Post and Times-Herald,* undertook a difficult task when he set out to produce a judicious appraisal of Eisenhower and his Administration in an election year; and it seems to me that he has been only partially successful in his book "Eisenhower the President." His initial conviction that "a powerful new force has been felt in our politics, our economy, and our national ethos, and the nucleus of that force is Dwight D. Eisenhower," plainly tended to dull critical faculties such as his own distinguished newspaper has not infrequently applied to the Eisenhower stewardship; and the result is a dutiful and approving memorial to the Eisenhower greatness.

The point of view appears in the account of the 1952 campaign, where Truman's speeches are "scurrilous" and "slander" but the General's equally scurrilous if not slanderous attacks are statesmanship; where the denial of General Marshall for reasons of political expediency "yielded nothing in principle"; when "sometimes," perhaps, the candidate "could speak too optimistically of 100 per cent parity" to the farmers, whom he deluded, yet made his real position "abundantly clear"; when after having approved the defense of Korea he could use the war as proof of the complete "political and diplomatic failure" of the Administration which had waged that defense.

No matter; all that was "politics," which today seems to cover more sins than charity ever did. It is as Mr. Pusey moves on to describe the "team" which the President assembled, his work habits and administrative methods, his leading policies and the events through which they were developed, that the book seems curiously flat-textured. Somehow the President himself seldom emerges with much clarity from behind the shadows of his staff and advisers; one never knows where the major policies were actually generated or how. Accounts of some major episodes, such as Secretary Dulles's exercise of "brinkmanship" in Indochina, add to our knowledge of what happened and will correct some misapprehensions. But there is little attempt to evaluate the new concept of government by a "team" of big business managers or those closely identified with them (the one original representative of big labor turned out to be a "mistake") or to set its implications in an historical context. The comment that the President, while "not a pious man" yet "under the awful burden of the Presidency has consistently sought the guidance and inspiration of God," neither accords with other reports nor sheds much light on the actual operations of the "powerful new force" which Mr. Pusey discerns at work in our policy and ethos.

"THE heart of the Eisenhower system," Mr. Pusey tells us, "is staff work." Is this, possibly, one trouble with it? The day begins with a White House staff meeting at 8:30 under Mr. Adams, "the second most powerful man in Washington," who permits nothing to "filter through" to the Commander-in-Chief until it has been "analyzed backward, forward, and sidewise and reduced to its essential elements."

Though it was hardly his intention, Mr. Pusey leaves the impression that the staffs and advisers grind out the policy ("of course, he reads many reports, but he likes to have them boiled down to a single page"). The President, principally through the medium of the Press Conference, justifies it, puts the decisions in a favorable light, smooths away the anguish they may involve. He covers for the frequent blunders of his subordinates, maintains (as he did in SHAEF) cohesion, unity among the warring factions, the necessary minimums of compromise and good will. With an overwhelmingly favorable press behind him, he generally succeeds in these ameliorative functions. Undeniably they are valuable functions. But where there is either greatness or firmness of policy in the Eisenhower system of government by one-page staff papers it is not easy to see. And as Mr. Pusey informatively traces its results through the principal events, foreign and domestic, of the Eisenhower Administration neither firmness, greatness, nor even consistency are too apparent.



—*Burck in* The Chicago Sun-Times.

"Middle of the Road."

Mr. Pusey's treatment of the McCarthy episode is illustrative. McCarthy's crime was not, it would seem, that he played fast and loose with every decent concept of fair play and due process, but that he extended this operation from the destruction of the Truman Administration into an attack upon that of Eisenhower. This was the unforgivable sin; Mr. Pusey represents Eisenhower's "battle" with McCarthy as a battle to be allowed to hunt out subversion in his own way. In recording Eisenhower's "victory" Mr. Pusey fails to note that it was achieved, in effect, by accepting the Senator's principles and incorporating them more deeply still into the structure of American law and government and the American concept of world affairs. It is doubtful, the author comments, whether American history offers "another example in which soft-spoken candor and sincerity have so strikingly triumphed over demagoguery." Plainly that depends on how one looks at it.

So does the final judgment:

> Can the man from Abilene be numbered then among our great Presidents? Some of his qualities are admittedly ordinary. . . . Yet he has many of the characteristics that make a President live in the memory of his countrymen. . . . The Eisenhower years have been a buoyant, forward-moving, and fruitful period. They seem to carry promise that President Eisenhower will occupy a great and distinctive place in our national folklore.

This is not a critical history of the Eisenhower Presidency. It is a temperate, informative, and useful one.

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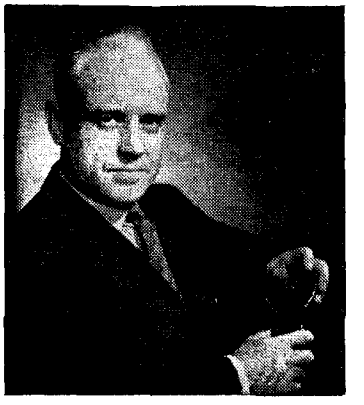
The Death of a Good Name



Bradford Huie—"two talents."

"Ruby McCollum: Woman in the Suwanee Jail," by William Bradford Huie *(E. P. Dutton. 249 pp. $3.95), is a tireless reporter's account of a Florida murder case in which the State apparently has sacrificed justice to protect influential citizens and popular prejudices. Mark Ethridge, Jr., editor of* The Raleigh, *(N. C.)* Times, *reviews it below.*

By Mark Ethridge, Jr.

WILLIAM Bradford Huie has two talents which make him a success at his trade: the ability to recognize a good story and the capacity for infinite legwork to develop it. In "Ruby McCollum: Woman in the Suwanee Jail," Huie repeats the formula he used two years ago in "The Execution of Private Slovik." He has found a good story, talked to the people involved, checked, and reported. Though the detail of his research is sometimes excruciatingly complete, Huie manages to keep the story moving. He has produced a highly readable modern version of "J'Accuse." As in "Private Slovik," Huie aims his fire at the monolithic "State" which can do no wrong, even if it means the deliberate execution of one of its citizens.

On a Sunday morning in August 1952, Ruby McCollum, Negro wife of a lottery lieutenant in Suwanee County, Fla., put four bullets through the body of Dr. Clifford LeRoy Adams, the "best" and most important man in the community. She was arrested, tried, sentenced to death, and left to rot on appeal in the Suwanee jail.

Huie came upon the case through a woman reporter on the *Pittsburgh Courier*. He went to Suwanee County from his home in Alabama, unearthed the information which makes this book. He helped win for Ruby McCollum a new trial, at which she was ruled insane, and was himself convicted of contempt of court for "interfering" with a participant in the case.

Huie discovered in his research that the truth did not agree with the evidence presented at Ruby's trial. Her motive, as cited in the trial, was that she argued with the doctor over a bill, got angry, and shot him. But Ruby, whose husband frequently kept $100,000 cash in the house (and died of heart failure twenty-eight hours after the shooting), was not a welsher. The doctor did not dun. Obviously a small bill could not have led to murder. The tangled skein that Huie reports finding is one that could be, and probably has been, found repeatedly throughout the nation. The doctor was not all good, but he was white. Ruby was not all bad, but she was colored. The doctor fathered Ruby's illegitimate child, was a friend of the sick mainly because he could milk Blue Cross through trumped-up reports, and had a hatful of plans to extract wealth from friendly citizens. Huie strongly implies, without ever saying so, that Dr. Adams also ran the numbers racket of which Ruby's husband was lieutenant. But not many people in the community, and no one in the outside world, knew this. To them Dr. Adams was a good man, the newly-elected state senator who would have been governor. And he was murdered by a "good-for-nothing nigger."

The "State"—in this case Suwanee County, Fla.—had a choice. It could have held a real trial in which Ruby might well have pleaded self-defense. But the community might have been exposed as a gullible tool of the doctor, and a white citizen exposed as having had an affair with a Negro. Or the community could hide the facts. It could protect its reputation and the good name of one of its most prominent citizens, and thus destroy Ruby, the only threat to that good name.

The State, says Huie, hid the facts. Thirty-eight times during her trial her lawyer asked Ruby why she killed Dr. Adams. Thirty-eight times the "State's" attorney objected. Thirty-eight times the judge, a pallbearer at Dr. Adams's funeral, sustained. Ruby's story was never told.

DESPITE the obvious strength of the story, the book has its weaknesses. I have already mentioned the lengthy and sometimes undiscriminating research. Another is that Huie is presently in contempt of court in Florida. How much, if at all, this influences his writing I do not know. Most serious to me is the unnecessary and unsuccessful attempt to liken Dr. Adams to Huey Long. Bill Huie apparently felt that such a parallel would cast Ruby in the role of public servant and public martyr, thereby magnifying the community's crime. But Huie cannot justify his Long-Adams equation, and even if he could it would not add materially to the story. The parallel is merely a distracting sidelight.

The real point of the story is the community's self-protection at all costs against what it thinks are its enemies. In this, Ruby McCollum's story is comparable to Mississippi's Emmett Till case, to France's Dreyfus case, or to thousands of others which could probably be cited. What makes "Ruby McCollum: Woman in the Suwanee Jail" good reading is that the murder and trial could have happened almost anywhere under slightly different circumstances. It just happened to happen in Suwanee County, Fla.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 670

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 670 will be found in the next issue.

AQZTFIX TA VQM QVF

BQCTARFG RQKGF, EQKWFG

QE IMQ WTDRIX IKTPFA

IRF PQKFA HVG PQKFG.

—PXKQV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 669

The opportunity is often lost by deliberating. —SYRUS.

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Truth in a Wide World

"The Right to Know," by Kent Cooper *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 335 pp. $4), is a plea by the former head of the Associated Press for the free exchange of honest reporting throughout the world. Our reviewer is Herbert Brucker, editor of* The Hartford Courant.

By Herbert Brucker

KENT COOPER, who retired after twenty-three years as general manager and chief powerhouse of the world's biggest and probably best press association, the Associated Press, has returned to the wars. His has been an active career, in which he contributed much to making and spreading the gospel of the independent, objective, newspaper-owned press association. Perhaps his greatest contribution was toward ending the subtle government influence that the pre-World War I news cartel of AP, Reuters, Havas, Wolff, and subsidiaries put into much of the world's news. Mr. Cooper told that dramatic story in "Barriers Down." In his new book, "The Right to Know," he is still hammering at the same theme: news must be free and honest. It is a forceful salvo, aimed at the twin evils of censorship or other suppression of news and at propaganda.

The book starts in the tribal beginnings of journalism, then moves swiftly to the printed newspaper and its modern electronic counterparts. Chapter headings consist of phrases that strung together make sentences. And together these sentences spell out the unanswerable thesis that life is best when the people know through free and honest news the whole wide world they live in. This is a doctrine that today's generation of newspapermen must hammer at harder than ever. It is an occupational disease of those in authority, all the way from the local school board to the topmost towers of Washington—and indeed to the international summits—to withhold from the people an immediate, complete, and accurate account of what is in process. And even the public naively wishes to tamper with the news itself when its own interests are involved.

One wishes Mr. Cooper a host of readers, particularly among those in government, high and low, who unconsciously assume that the public matters with which they are charged are their private property. Yet one might wish Mr. Cooper had put a somewhat different emphasis on his theme, so that it bore more directly than it does on the realities of this second half of the twentieth century.

For one thing, Mr. Cooper dismisses in a single paragraph, without mentioning author or title, Harold Cross's "The People's Right to Know." This book is concerned only with the legal aspect of the access to news, and domestic news at that; yet it is surely the basic work in its field.

In the second paragraph of his foreword Mr. Cooper says ". . . it was government propaganda that brought upon you and all mankind the most dreadful wars suffered in the whole of history." Thus he pushes aside all the tangled and detailed history in such studies as Sidney Bradshaw Fay's "Origins of the World War" and its counterparts, still to come, analyzing the reasons for World War II. Surely it is not so simple as that. Propaganda alone does not make war. Such oversimplification, plus the isolationist attitude that creeps through the author's discussion of uncensored and unwarped news, weakens a thesis vital to today's world.

Mr. Cooper is surely right, for example, when he suggests that two-way channels of communication, consisting of accurate, plentiful news freely and cheaply transmitted, will do far more to bring peoples together than today's cacophony of government propagandas. But Mr. Cooper neglects to say how such communication might be set up across the Iron Curtain.

ALL such questions, of course, do not alter the book's main point, which leaps at the reader from every page. Nowhere is it better stated than in Mr. Cooper's words:

> These interests which have most at stake in our capitalistic economy have this yet to learn: that the one great hope of ultimate world understanding in addition to free international trade must be based not upon governmental efforts, but upon mutual international acquaintance at the level of the people themselves. This is attainable, if at all, through wide unhindered interchange of news completely independent of all governments and conducted solely to inform, with no other intention whatsoever.

"Our country's been torn by too many of these bloodless coups—let's shoot somebody!"

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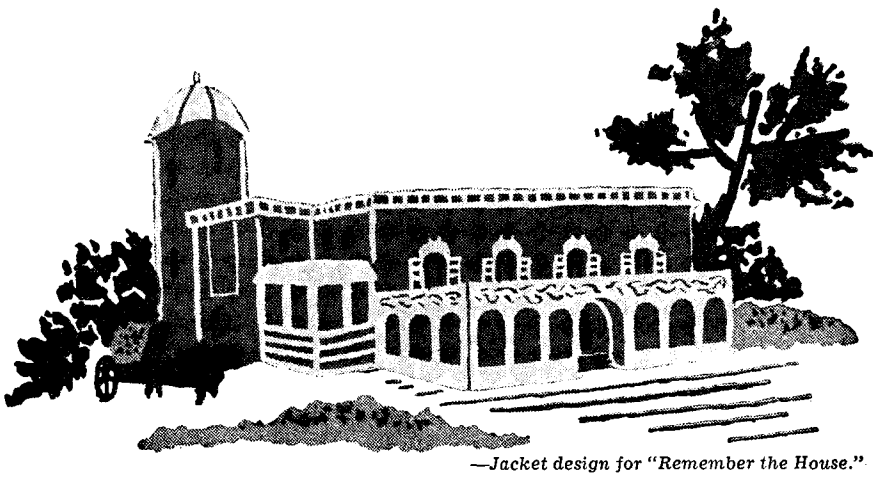

—Jacket design for "Remember the House."

". . . Everyman's Everywoman in search of the past."

Everygirl's Decision

"Remember the House," by Santha Rama Rau *(Harper. 241 pp. $3), is the story of Baba, an Indian girl faced with a universal feminine problem: Which man should she marry?*

By John Frederick Muehl

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR, in her first and most famous incarnation, was a young Jewish girl who lived in New York. In the decade that produced Hitler and the Second World War, the Great Depression and the Auschwitz Extermination Camp, her greatest claim to worth and importance was the valiant and extended defense of her maidenhead. But I think we all knew even before it happened that Marjorie was destined to frequent rebirths, for at bottom she was not really a Jew or a New Yorker; she was Everyman's Everywoman in search of the past.

She has been reborn most recently in a novel, "Remember the House," by Santha Rama Rau. She is called Baba by her family and she is this time a Hindu, but the issue, the struggle, and the solution are the same. Mrs. Rama Rau is a very talented writer, the author of three good nonfiction books on India. She is married to an American, she is a cosmopolite herself, and she writes with the perceptions of both the East and the West.

What is good about her novel, and there is plenty of good, is the picture she gives us of her own Indian circle, ironically the leaders in the fight for independence and yet tied by tradition and education to England.

The heroine of her book is the naive younger daughter who is preoccupied throughout the book with her personal problem, with discovering, between the extremes of revolution and orthodoxy, a marriage and a future in which she can believe. The choice is between Hari, who is approved by her family ("Good Old Hari," we would call him in this country), and Krishnan, the handsome South Indian schoolteacher who, it turns out, has been promised to another all along. Arguing the opposite sides are Alix Nichols, a friendly American who believes in Romance, and the senile grandmother and the outworn Ayah, who speak through toothless gums for the old way.

These are engaging characters, if a little bit sterotyped, and the portrait of Malabar Hill society is a good one. But the trouble is this: The book asks a question in the most urgent terms and then answers it with a platitude.

There is something about the tone of the last few chapters that is less suggestive of choice than capitulation. Tired and unstrung by her affairs with Krishnan, Baba returns to Bombay, where she again sees Hari. Neither one looks better except by comparison, but Baba, one feels, is just too tired to fight.

In the last lines of the book her fiancé echoes the same dispassionate, depressing attitude. "I always thought I should marry you, Baba. I'm glad you want to. I'm glad it's settled."

Spanish Tapestry

"Raquel: The Jewess of Toledo," by Lion Feuchtwanger *(translated by Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins. Julian Messner. 433 pp. $4.95), chronicles the romance of the daughter of a twelfth-century Jewish financier and the King of Castile.*

By Richard Plant

LION FEUCHTWANGER first became known to the American reading public in 1926 with an odd historical novel, "Jew Süss" (published here as "Power"), the angry chronicle of a genius financier who saved a small eighteenth-century duchy, rose to enormous heights, and was dashed to an ignominious death. The book's glittering bitterness was matched by prodigious research, and if the author's wrath sometimes tore the fabric of his narrative it also gave it its special pitch.

In "Raquel" Mr. Feuchtwanger (who is now in his seventies) has used again some of the materials of his first success. He has combined the brilliant and terrifying chronicle of a twelfth-century Spanish Jew Süss, Yehuda Ibn Esra, with one of the most illustrious romances of world literature, that of King Alfonso of Castile with Raquel, Yehuda's seventeen-year-old daughter.

We know that Yehuda is playing a dangerous game when he allows his daughter to stay with the King at the Moorish summer house La Galiana, while the King, in turn, allows thousands of Jewish fugitives from France to settle in Castile; we know the "romance" must end in grief and disaster, but we keep on reading. For the author tells his stories with the skill of an old master, equally skilful at presenting the slaughter of knights by Moslem armies, the courtly but bitter arguments between the King and Yehuda (chivalry *vs.* economy), or at taking us into a Toledo house and letting us join the everyday life of its inhabitants.

Indeed, Feuchtwanger has recreated medieval Spain with such vigor and accuracy that we are tempted to approach the novel more as an intriguing history text than as a tragedy of real people. Once in a while his research spills over into the core of a scene, intellectualizing it unduly.

Fortunately, as the canvas widens the characters become more human. As in his enormous "Josephus" cycle, Mr. Feuchtwanger lets his figures think, feel, and act as though they were our

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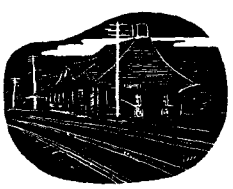
contemporaries. This method is full of snares—but gradually the author forces us to accept his characters as true: the ambitious businessman Yehuda, whose arrogance is tempered by common sense; the handsome, chivalresque Alfonso, whose arrogance is tempered only by pangs of remorse; the imperturbable chronicler Musa, a twelfth-century Arnold Toynbee.

Perhaps the author achieves his most surprising success in his handling of the delicate love affair. The response Raquel evokes in Alfonso is part of his own hidden nature, those half-Arabic, half-Oriental qualities whose presence he feels everywhere in Spain. Although he hates them he must also love them, and so he can be only himself when he is with Raquel. And it seems just right that Raquel remains a little shadowy, a picture from a tapestry, "La Fermosa" of legend and ballad; if she were more concrete the sharp edges would hurt the texture.

In one respect, it seems to this reader, the author has failed. The crusaders, the pious and cruel zealots possessed by a holy fire, are not rendered in the strong, brightly sinister colors which alone would make them plausible. It is easier to believe in the persecuted Jews and Moslems than in their persecutors. This, however, is a minor defect. Mr. Feuchtwanger has brought off that difficult *tour de force,* a medieval romance, with astounding virtuosity and power.



Suburbia

By Philene Hammer

THIS I saw on St. Ives Acres:
One style ranch house—forty takers:
Forty wives in shorts and curlers
(Kaffee-Klatschers, Meet-the-Girlers),
Forty husbands (Wednesday-Bowlers),
Forty kiddies still in strollers
(Coonskin-hatted lads and lassies),
Eighty cars with two-tone chassis,
Forty turbinal antennae,
Forty breezeways—just as many
Picture windows, whose chartreuse
Lamps obstruct the picture views
Of forty nude-top homestead stakers
Power-mowing St. Ives Acres.

Horrifying Hero

"The Cross of Iron," by Willi Heinrich *(translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Bobbs-Merrill. 456 pp. $4.50), a first novel being widely read and highly praised in present-day Germany, is the story of a superman corporal on the Eastern Front in World War II.*

By Franz Schoenberner

WE ARE told that "The Cross of Iron," a first novel by Willi Heinrich, has had a sensational success in Germany and has been praised by "one of Germany's most eminent critics" as "the most exciting literary event in postwar Germany." The author, born in 1920, served from 1941 to 1945 with a German infantry division as a corporal and was severely wounded five times. He spent 400 nights writing this novel while working as a delicatessen clerk during the day.

These simple facts and figures are in many respects significant; they throw a sharp light upon the present standards of German letters, critics, and readers, but most of all upon the state of mind of a more or less typical German war veteran, a delicatessen clerk turned by an exceptional accident into a novelist. The evidence so revealed is undoubtedly important as such, but it leads to rather discouraging conclusions.

Perhaps it would be unjust to evaluate a book like "The Cross of Iron" as a real work of literature, which it is obviously not. After all, very few among the thousands of novels born out of the personal experience of the last two world wars exceeded the level of more or less talented reportorial features and fictionized autobiographies. It seems that great war novels can be written only by noncombatants several decades after the event, as for example "The Red Badge of Courage" and, of course, "War and Peace" (to which still every more voluminous war novel is compared by mistaken but well-intentioned reviewers).

Judged even by less absolute standards "The Cross of Iron" remains a very mediocre performance. The horrible reality of the German retreat from southern Russia in 1943 after the decisive defeat of Stalingrad is photographically observed and reproduced with every gory detail, but it remains strangely lifeless and unconvincing. Among the rather large cast of characters not even the protagonists become real human beings,

Willi Heinrich—". . . super-superego."

perhaps because the author lacks not only creative power, but also any kind of deeper human and moral insight. Though his book studiously avoids mention of Hitler or of Nazis (at least in the American edition) he belongs to the lost generation brought up in their stultifying and poisonous atmosphere.

It is characteristic that the real hero of this novel, obviously the super-superego of the author, succeeds in being both a ridiculous and revolting figure. Corporal Steiner, the twenty-five-year-old leader of a platoon left behind the Russian lines and trying to reach the embattled German position, appears from the start as a perfect superman, something like all the heroes of juvenile fiction rolled in one. Even after fifty hours without food or sleep he is still as good as new, performing deeds of daring more fantastic than Steig's "Dreams of Glory." It is hard to believe that the German Army is doomed since in every encounter with the enemy Steiner singlehandedly dispatches so many Russians that nobody can keep track of their number.

At the same time he is a vicious bully and a psychopathic sadist. He delights in terrorizing and cowing his subordinates, who cringe before him like whipped dogs when occasionally he hits them in the face with fist or gun. He himself is as touchy as a prima donna and once simply walks out on his men, leaving them to their fate. He comes back in time to catch up with one of his men who, instead of guarding thirty captured Russian woman-soldiers, has retired with one of them to an abandoned house in order to rape her. Steiner immediately smashes his face. Contrary to the original plan to massacre the

(*Continued on page* 29)

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Romantic Rogue

"Sickles the Incredible," by W. A. Swanberg *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 433 pp. $6), is a biography of a colorful rogue who cut a swathe across battlefields, politics, and social life. Our reviewer is Earl Schenck Miers, whose "Robert E. Lee" was recently published in the Great Lives in Brief Series.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

THOSE who believe that retribution overtakes all rascals must ignore the example of Daniel E. Sickles. The facts will not support any of the ancient maxims. Sickles was not hanged for murder. He was not court-martialed for an act of headstrong insubordination that could have lost the battle of Gettysburg. He did not die in the gutter after throwing away an inheritance of five million dollars on women and Wall Street.

At the year's end a high place must be found for "Sickles the Incredible" on any list of the best biographies of 1956. W. A. Swanberg, hitherto a free-lance magazine writer, enters the Civil War field in seven-league boots. He writes with restraint and sinew and quiet humor. Moreover, he understands this age, when villainy and heroism often came perilously close to being the same thing. So he makes Dan Sickles a symbol of the social, moral, and political disintegration essential to producing, sustaining, and in time exhausting any cataclysm of the dimensions of the Great Rebellion.

When at the beginning of Buchanan's Administration Sickles went to Washington even Tammany felt purged. "Old Buck" could have him—Tammany had shuddered long enough at the sight of Sickles in Albany with a friendly prostitute in tow. But Sickles possessed a genius for getting along with Presidents of the United States, and in persuading them time and again to save his neck. Soon Washington accepted Sickles as no less than a Presidential possibility, a Northern man with sufficient discretion to appeal to the troubled South.

Then Sickles killed Philip Barton Key, the son of the composer of "The Star-Spangled Banner." No one could prove what influence the White House really exerted to rescue Sickles, but among the battery of lawyers who defended him was the President's most intimate confidant, Edwin M. Stanton. The trial seemed less concerned with proving the murder than with demonstrating the frequency of his wife's infidelities, about which there could be little question. Sickles had wrung a written confession from her and published it in the newspapers.

What almost wrecked Sickles afterward was the act of compassion that reunited him with his wife for a time. Luckily, the war came along; Sickles raised a corps and, with a friendly assist from Lincoln (who was obsessed with favoring any loyal Democrat), arrived at Gettysburg a major-general. Sickles was a "Hooker man," which meant that he considered Meade a military fool. When, on the second day, Sickles took the initiative in moving his corps too far forward the terrible assaults in the Peach Orchard and Wheatfield followed and Little Round Top came within a hair of being lost. By then Sickles was on his way back to Washington minus a leg (which he placed in a coffin so that it could be exhibited to the public) and soon was pouring his version of the battle into Lincoln's sympathetic ear.

Naturally, Sickles was a prime mover in the shameful Congressional committee effort to break Meade. Later, as military commander in the Carolinas, Sickles ran counter to Andrew Johnson's moderate policies and came raging back to Washington to help engineer the impeachment plot against that sorely mistreated President. Grant sent him to Spain as Ambassador, where a second marriage in no way mitigated the delight of Sickles in discovering that the deposed Queen Isabella was a notorious nymphomaniac.

Such by no means were the sum of Sickles's incredible activities. Mr. Swanberg knows what a whale of a tale this is and doesn't miss a trick. Almost with reluctance we reach Sickles's ninety-fourth year, when his body finally wore out. In those last days he was outwitting the enemies who thought they had trapped him in a swindle, protecting his mistress from eviction by a bewildered wife, and posing as the hero who single-handedly had won at Gettysburg and saved the Union!

DANIEL EDGAR SICKLES's long career is proof that a man can be a rogue and a bungler and still be counted a success by many of his fellow countrymen. While he was a Congressman he shot and killed a man and was acquitted; while a commander at Gettysburg he disobeyed General Meade's orders, nearly causing a disaster; while minister to Spain he almost succeeded in fomenting a Spanish-American war and did succeed in conducting a romantic affair with the deposed Queen.

Dixie's Lion

"Gray Fox: Robert E. Lee and the Civil War," by Burke Davis *(Rinehart. 466 pp. $6), is the second single-volume biography of the Confederate general to appear this month. Stanley F. Horn, author of "The Army of the Tennessee," reviews it below.*

By Stanley F. Horn

DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN produced a literary masterpiece when he wrote his four-volume "R. E. Lee" some twenty years ago. It stands today as perhaps the greatest biography ever written of any American. As a matter of fact, Dr. Freeman did so good a job, exhausting all available known sources of material on his subject and presenting it in a literary style that marks the true scholar, that other writers have seemed reluctant to write about Lee, probably fearing that their own production might suffer by comparison.

During these past two decades there has been a remarkable resurgence of interest in the Civil War and its principal actors, and there has been a veritable avalanche of Civil War books. But in all this avalanche there has not appeared what many Civil War enthusiasts were looking for: a good one-volume military biography of the great leader of the Army of Northern Virginia. The want was supplied first a week ago by Earl Schenck Miers's brief "Robert E. Lee." Now, in larger compass, we have Burke Davis's "Gray Fox." Serious students of the war who want to know all the detailed facts about Lee and his personal and military life, before, during, and after the war, will still turn to Freeman's definitive work. Those who do not have the time or inclination to go so deeply into the subject will find Lee's activities during the four years

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he wore the Confederate uniform—the four years that stamped him as one of the great captains of all time.

Publishers and authors are notoriously given to strange vagaries in the selection of titles for the books they publish, but "Gray Fox" seems a peculiarly and impressively inappropriate title for a book about Robert E. Lee. Lee's attributes which made him an outstanding military figure were courage, boldness to the point of audacity, and tenacity—but these are not the traditional attributes of a fox. The average person when he thinks of a fox thinks of a sly, furtive, tricky creature—none of which adjectives would spring to the lips in describing Lee. Lee was a lion, never a fox.

The author of "Gray Fox," like all other Lee biographers, has met with the problem created by the fact that Lee was so singularly lacking in the weaknesses and shortcomings that are so helpful in building up the lights and shadows of biographical writing. In a labored effort to surmount this difficulty Mr. Davis has gone to great lengths in an effort to magnify and overemphasize evidences of what he seems to consider Lee's greatest weakness, his excessive kindheartedness. It is strongly intimated that if Lee had displayed more of the autocratic iron hand in dealing with his subordinates he would have been a greater general. This assumption, however, seems to ignore the demonstrated fact that it was his patience and forebearance and understanding of his subordinates' human frailties that won from them the veneration and affection that caused them to follow him so long and faithfully in the face of overwhelming and discouraging odds.

But "Gray Fox" is on the whole a good book. The reader will get a well-presented picture of a great military leader who wore a gray uniform—even though it might have surprised him, too, to be thought of as a fox. in "Gray Fox" a readable account of

ROBERT E. LEE'S present-day reputation belies the widely-held notion that a man must be guilty of a few peccadilloes to become a popular folk hero. Members of that ever-growing fraternity, the Civil War buffs, study his battlefield exploits for their display of military genius; but it is south of the Mason-Dixon line that he has become the symbol of an ideal. The moral perhaps is that if a would-be hero hasn't peccadilloes he ought to serve a lost cause.

Editor in Politics

"The Man Who Elected Lincoln," by Jay Monaghan *(Bobbs-Merrill. 334 pp. $4.50), is a biography of Dr. Charles H. Ray, editor of the* Chicago Tribune. *David M. Potter of Yale, author of "Lincoln and His Cabinet in the Secession Crisis," reviews it here.*

By David M. Potter

IN THE crucial years leading to Abraham Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency the *Chicago Tribune*, with its militant opposition to slavery, took an important part in building his public reputation and spurring him to put himself forward politically. When the Republican convention met at the Wigwam in Chicago in 1860 the editor of the *Tribune*, Dr. Charles H. Ray, was one of those who bargained in Lincoln's name for the strategic votes of the Indiana and Pennsylvania delegations, the two which swung the nomination.

In a biography entitled "The Man Who Elected Lincoln" Jay Monaghan now tells the life story of Dr. Ray for the first time. Monaghan is well known as a ranking expert on Lincoln and as the author of notable books on the Civil War period. He brings talent and authority to his task, but the subject is in some ways difficult, and this biography cannot be counted among Monaghan's more successful works.

By identifying himself personally with the views expressed in the *Tribune* Monaghan has taken a somewhat partisan position, and many critics will deplore his revival of the old stereotype of Stephen A. Douglas as "the man with the split tongue." But this controversial quality in the tone of the book might be discounted, and it does not present as serious a problem as the treatment of Ray himself. The truth is that Ray is a shadowy figure, whose life has not left an adequate record. Often the record is blank and at other times, when he was acting in concert with associates, it is impossible to tell where Ray left off and others began. Monaghan's use of colorful and vivid background material helps to divert attention from the impossibility of holding a focus on the man in the foreground; but even so, the narrative often leaves Ray on the sidelines for considerable stretches, and never does he emerge from these pages as a three-dimensional person.

At the end one puts down the book without being convinced that Ray was either as important or as admirable as Monaghan's characterization would suggest. There were almost a dozen Illinoisians who qualified as original Lincoln men and played more or less essential parts in winning the nomination. Norman B. Judd, David Davis, Leonard Swett, John M. Palmer, Jesse Fell, Jesse K. Dubois, Stephen T. Logan, Richard Oglesby, William H. Herndon, and Ray's partner on the *Tribune*, Joseph Medill, were all men who elected Lincoln, and even if a certain license be allowed in the title, the book itself ought to appraise Ray's role on a more comparative basis.

Although Monaghan speaks of Ray as if he were among the most stalwart and consistent of Lincoln's supporters, William E. Baringer in "Lincoln's Rise to Power" treats him as a Chase supporter who switched to Lincoln out of sheer opportunism, and Monaghan himself quotes Ray as writing privately late in 1861 that "Old Abe is now unmasked, and we are sold out." Also, though Monaghan pictures Ray as an idealist, he shows that Ray purchased the Pennsylvania delegates votes for Lincoln by making an unauthorized promise that Cameron should receive a Cabinet post, and then later strenuously opposed the appointment of Cameron. He does not quote Lincoln's unhappy complaint: "They have gambled me all around, bought and sold me a hundred times." No doubt, such manipulators play their indispensable part in the success of most great men, but they are not generally depicted as idealists even by those who admire them.

DR. CHARLES RAY is unknown to textbooks and to most biographical dictionaries, but the research of a Civil War fraternity man is giving him a belated day in the sun. In the winter of 1854-1855 he joined the better-known Joseph Medill in purchasing *The Chicago Tribune*, which they promptly turned into a Republican and Abolitionist organ. His work in behalf of a relatively obscure Springfield lawyer has led a biographer to dub him "the man who elected Lincoln."

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Enchantress from Never-Never Land

"Maude Adams: An Intimate Portrait," by Phyllis Robbins *(Putnam. 308 pp. $5), is a biography of the great lady of the stage by a woman who knew her well. Here it is reviewed by another great lady of the stage, Ruth Gordon, star of the current Broadway play "The Matchmaker."*

By Ruth Gordon

HOW would you like to read a book written by Jo March up in her attic, or by Louisa herself, in collaboration with Maude Adams, telling a story that takes you from Brigham Young's Salt Lake City to New York's red-velvet-and-gold Empire Theatre, across the country in private cars, to Peter Pan's house in the tree tops, to Harvard College the day that Joan of Arc chose to go there, and all in the company of Miss Maude Adams, actress, divinity, great lady, and human being? She and Jo and Louisa have not written such a book but Phyllis Robbins has. "Written" may be too staid a word. Phyllis Robbins let the story of Maude Adams float and shimmer across some pages that Putnam's has smartly bound up into a book called "Maude Adams: An Intimate Portrait."

Maude Adams might have set it down herself, it is so a part of her, but she did not trouble to. She was too busy living it and she knew that her friend Phyllis Robbins had the gift to bring it to all of us. It is as though autumn leaves from all the years of the great lady's life had blown down the wind to settle in Miss Robbins's garden and here they all are, preserved and presented gaily, tenderly, brilliantly, a loving memory distilled from each. Memory of a child actress, "La Petite Maude," singing "That Yaller Girl That Winked at Me" and "Somebody's Coming When the Dew Drops Fall" to the gold miners at Hangtown, Hell's Delight, and Shirt Tail Camp and triumphing! Memory of a latter-day Maude: "Anything that I have undertaken with money-making as its chief object has failed." Memory of Lady Barbara Rintoul, who dazzled alike the little minister and the ragamuffins of Caddam Wood. Memory of Napoleon's small sad son. She played Peter Pan and L'Aiglon, a wide range for an actress to reach, and though one lived in faraway Schoenbrunn and the other lived up in the trees, they both had their human side. To bring them alive Maude Adams gave all the enchantment of a fabulous personage and the warmth of her own self.

Maude Adams was the beloved heroine of the theatre for as long as she chose to be and now Phyllis Robbins has given us back three hundred pages' worth of that heroine with a rewarding addition: a glimpse of the everyday lady within, an account of thoughts and hopes and efforts that the reticence of living bequeaths only to the afterwards. Miss Robbins's gift is to give us Maude Adams as a person.

Here is a book whose background is the theatre and whose vivid central figure is an actress who packed the theatres in the Gay Nineties and was part of the dazzle that turned the century. But it is not for the stage-struck only or for lovers of theatre lore. This is a book for anyone who would like to read a good one. The subject is somebody who came up from nowhere and did not take too long about it, who created a life for herself that caused literature to be written for and about her, who made a fortune and tossed it back into the never-never land of the theatre that had bestowed it upon her, who gave chances to other young up-from-nowheres and who remained, to the end of her eighty years of triumphs, worshipful admiration, well-met adversity, and trying disappointment, a legend.

Somewhere in the latter days, when things had gone awry and the starry side of life seemed to have wandered round the corner, Miss Adams took a look at what was handy by: "Life is still full of adventure, perhaps of joy," she said. "There is something exciting in trimming your bark anew and challenging the years to come. What may those years hold: something of joy and adventure? More like, much of toil and anxiety—but that is a groveling thought. Oh, no! 'Thumbs up' for joy and adventure!"

"Thumbs up" for Maude Adams, the most enchanting heroine of all those that she ever played!

—Culver.

Maude Adams (with John Drew) in "The Butterflies"—"a fabulous personage."

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Army Wife

"Captain's Bride, General's Lady," by Mrs. Mark W. Clark *(McGraw-Hill. 278 pp. $3.95), offers a distaff-view of family life as it is lived on U. S. posts here and abroad.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

TWO matrons named Maurine met at Government House, Hong Kong, in 1953. One was Lady Alexander Grantham, wife of Hong Kong's governor. The other was Mrs. Mark Clark. Comparing notes and names, since "neither of us had met many people with that name," they found, writes Mrs. Clark, that "it all went back to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It seemed that Lady Grantham's mother and my mother each had been impressed with a Wilcox novel entitled 'Maurine'." (Actually it was a long narrative poem with an incredibly noble heroine which bestowed the name "Maurine" on hundreds of girl babies born in the 1890s and early 1900s.)

Wherever she has traveled in what she describes as a "life-long, and largely unsuccessful, battle to stay with my husband," Maurine Clark seems to have found something in common with the people she met, whether it was a given name, a fondness for dogs, a taste for cracked crab, or a passion for gardening. A Muncie, Indiana, girl who had majored in music at Northwestern, she had "a background as civilian as a blue serge suit" when she met tall, handsome young Captain Mark Wayne Clark on a blind date in Washington in 1923. "After I married Wayne I not only had to go through all the normal troubles of a new bride but had to learn to live the Army way. And it was different!"

For one thing, there were the transfers. No sooner were the coat hooks up in one house and the flower bulbs put down than along would come new orders. The children would have to be yanked out of school in midterm and the Clarks would be off to another Army post, where the new house mysteriously always had longer windows than the old. "If they gave degrees for lengthening short curtains to fit long windows I would have my Ph.D. hands down."

The Captain's bride found much that bothered her about the Army way. She disliked the lack of privacy. Not only was every officer's salary common knowledge; every officer's wife had to be constantly aware of the impression she might be making. The pecking order of Army females gave a colonel's lady "the power to sear the soul of a captain's wife," and Maurine Clark would never forget the malice that ruined her first dinner party. The social whirl strained the budget—"nobody has to keep up with the Joneses like an Army family."

Nevertheless, thirty years later upon the day of her husband's retirement, the General's lady "consciously . . . thought to myself: 'If I had to do it all over again I would choose the Army life above any other.'" Something of the zest, sportsmanship, and humor with which Mrs. Clark met the varied challenges of her thirty years in the Army is successfully conveyed in her funny, folksy, frankly sentimental, and charmingly unaffected autobiography, "Captain's Bride, General's Lady." It is a book with a certain percentage of corn but without a smidgen of stuffed shirt.

At least forty years ago the widow of Union General John Logan published "Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife"—a title that might equally well have served Mrs. Clark—but the recruiting of amateur authors among the wives, parents, siblings, and children of important living public figures appears to be a present-day phenomenon, a by-product of personal journalism. Much of Mrs. Clark's book is an extended feature story on her husband, from the Woman's Angle: how he proposed, how he used diapers for map markers in his infantry school monograph, how he wept the night of the Korean armistice, etc. There are newsy sidelights on the Clarks' old friends the Eisenhowers, and a glimpse of Winston Churchill. But aside from this material, which is more or less guaranteed by the byline, the surprise of Mrs. Clark's book is its freshness of incident and its picture of a deeply affectionate family under trying conditions.

The insulation of Army people from their community, which Mrs. Clark takes for granted, a civilian may find disturbing. There is a caste-mindedness; a quality of inbreeding. The "Army brats" move from one fort to another without regret, knowing that they will meet their friends again, differently assorted but unchangeable, at some future station. The generals' daughters grow up to marry their fathers' aides, the generals' sons take colonels' daughters to wife, and when Mark Clark's first grandchild turns out to be a girl, his first words—and they are only half a joke—are "they'll have to make West Point coed." For the sake of the Army and the nation let there be many young captains who find brides with questioning minds, sentimental hearts, and backgrounds as civilian as a blue serge suit.

Mrs. Mark W. Clark—"the Army way."

Johannesburg Journal

"The Measure of My Days," by Sarah Gertrude Millin *(Abelard-Schuman. 394 pp. $5), the autobiography of the South African novelist and biographer, reports her friendships with many famous men of her time and especially her life with her jurist-husband. Stuart Cloete, author of "The African Giant," reviews it below.*

By Stuart Cloete

IF FRIENDSHIP with an author disqualifies him from reviewing his books I suppose I should be disqualified from reviewing Sarah Gertrude Millin's autobiography, "The Measure of My Days." Mrs. Millin and her husband, Judge Philip Millin, were my friends. She encouraged me to write when I first began. I have stayed in her house at West Cliff in Johannesburg and listened to the lions roaring in the zoo below. I have met General Smuts, Hofmeyr, and many other people she mentions. I find her book touching. In it I see my friend. But will it touch others as it has touched me? I think so.

This is the story of Sarah's life from childhood in a mining camp, through the years she was writing such widely read books as "God's Stepchildren," until it ended with her husband's death. She closes her book with the words "But I did not wish that they should forget him. I wished him to be remembered at least as long as I lived. I thought of the book about myself I had begun to call 'The Measure of My Days' and decided that here was the place where I could tell

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A Statement and an Apology

THE editors of *The Saturday Review* regret deeply their failure to present to their readers appropriate coverage of the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier romance and marital ceremonies.

We confess that not until two weeks ago did we realize the truly historic nature of the event. It was only when we read that more correspondents were being attached to the affair than were assigned to D-Day in Normandy; that more television cameramen and hours were being allocated than were given to Presidential election returns of 1952 and 1948; that the exploitation rights came to more than the Davy Crockett hats and all the peanut-and-popcorn concessions at the Loew theatres combined; that the marriage happens by sheer chance to coincide with the release of the greatest film of the twentieth century, starring Miss Kelly—a film concerned with the youthful princess who marries the bashful Prince; as we say, it was only when all these things were called to our attention that we hastily planned to devote an entire issue to the romance. The issue would emphasize the literary and artistic significance of the affair. However, this realization broke too late to make our deadline last week. We had no choice except to proceed with our regular issue featuring the special Research supplement, with its articles dealing with the mental health of the nation, the surface temperature of stars and other heavenly bodies, and the molecules that float around in outer space.

We can, however, inform our readers what we would have done had we been able to make the deadline. In the Age of the Special Angle, of course, it would have been necessary to provide our own accent. First of all, we would have appointed Cleveland Amory as Guest Editor of the special number. Mr. Amory has demonstrated a remarkable capacity for giving prominent people, places, and situations the full treatment they seem to warrant. Then we would have asked Professor Toynbee to put the event in true historical perspective, comparing it with previous marriages of royalty, with especial reference to the relations between the states of the respective marriage partners. For example, in Volume VIII of his "A Study of History" Mr. Toynbee discusses the wisdom of the Greek Emperor Basil II, who in 988 A.D. offered his daughter Anna to Vladimir I of Imperial Russia, receiving a regiment in return. Do precedents such as this provide historical basis for the hope that an indestructible bond has now been forged between Monaco and the United States, at least for the duration?

We would have asked Margaret Mead to consider the wedding from the standpoint of folklore and anthropology. To what extent does this event represent an advance over the prevailing customs of the North American tribes? How much more is man likely to know about man as the result of this, the most perfectly annotated and documented account of the courtship between these two representatives of different cultures?

We would have asked Professor Charles Alexander Robinson of Brown University, the classical scholar, to consider the romance in the light of Aristotle's famous observation on the relationship of form to matter:

διὸ οὐδὲ τῶν κοινῶν ὡς κοινῶν οἱ ὁρισμοί, ἀλλὰ τούτων οἷς κοινοῖς καθ' ἑκάστην φύσιν εἶναι συμβέβηκεν and I, xi b, p. 23, 25-32: τὸ μὲν ὑποκείμενον ᾧ τὸ καθόλου συμβέβηκε πρᾶγμά τί ἐστι, τὸ δὲ καθόλου τὸ ἐκείνῳ συμβεβηκὸς οὐ πρᾶγμά τι καθ' αὑτό ἐστιν, ἀλλὰ συμβεβηκός τι ἐκείνῳ, οἷον ζῷον πρᾶγμά τί ἐστι καὶ φύσεώς τινος δηλωτικόν . . .

If this seems somewhat harsh please bear in mind that Aristotle never saw a motion-picture star, though he was no doubt familiar with the Platonic allegory of the moving images in the Cave.

We would have asked John Mason Brown to address himself to the biggest question of all: Why do the present partners apparently reverse the advice offered by Shakespeare in "As You Like It" to the effect that April is the month of wooing and December for wedding? Apart from this, we would have expected Mr. Brown to capture for our readers the flavor of quiet determination and massive restraint that caused the couple to defer their original plans until such time as arrangements could be made for sharing the joy of the occasion with the folks at home everywhere.

Our James Thrall Soby would have been in an ideal position to commission a painting of the ceremony to supplant the fresco by Raphael of the marriage of Alexander and Roxanna. Irving Kolodin would have been interested, no doubt, in the recordings of the event; no item involving high fidelity, surface noise, or diamond needles would have escaped his attention. Horace Sutton, however, we would have kept at home because of the pr able confusion that would have been caused by the fact of his remarkable resemblance to the Prince. So far as Harrison Smith is concerned, we regret to say that his heart would not have been in it, having been broken by Miss Kelly's decision in the first place.

Finally, we would have accepted the offer of Dr. K. Jason Sitewell, one of our newer contributors ["The Inventor of the Period," *SR* Mar. 24] to go to Monaco for *SR*. Dr. Sitewell wanted to search for and report on incidental intelligence. "This is not as easy as it sounds," Dr. Sitewell said.

Now all these things we would have cheerfully done; that is, if time had permitted. For our failure to do so we again offer our apologies. We hope, however, that the crude outline of our intentions has encouraged all and deceived none. We return to this space next week with the usual essay on the H-bomb and the Intercontinental Ballistics Missile. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE MASS PH.D

THE ARTICLE BY M. H. TRYTTEN ["Why Our Thinkpower Is Dwindling," *SR* Mar. 24] on the number of Ph.D degrees issued in Soviet Russia and the United States is unintentionally misleading. One should remember that many degrees in the liberal arts are meaningless, obtained through academic pressure upon a teacher for the purpose of window-dressing. A look at some of the theses will be convincing, I think. A doctorate given for the production of professorial piddle means nothing as far as the "thinkpower" of any country is concerned. In the United States we have been guilty of worshiping mass production and this worship has resulted in the creation of Ph.D.s who lack the very quality that a holder of the doctorate should have —originality.

WALTER FREEMAN.

Jamaica, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Trytten emphasized the importance of curriculum content, teacher training, and inspiration of the creative mind—not the presence or absence of a degree.*

"More trouble—now he says Bacon wrote Marlowe!"

THE MAN AND THE BOOK

IRVING KOLODIN'S review of Samuel Chotzinoff's book "Toscanini: An Intimate Portrait" [*SR* Mar. 24] is an excellent example of what a review should not be. It is more a review of the author than of the book. Also, and too obviously, Mr. Kolodin has seized the opportunity to ventilate what appears to be previously pent-up personal feelings against a former colleague.

ISRAEL BEN SCHEIBER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The book concerns the author's relationship with the person about whom he is writing. Thus, the author is himself a part of the subject.*

DELIGHT AND SATISFACTION

I READ WITH delight and deep satisfaction Irving Kolodin's review of "Toscanini: An Intimate Portrait." It's another gratifying example of his shining truthfulness. Thank God and *SR* for Mr. K. My compliments to him and to you.

CLIFTON MURPHY.

Tryon, N.C.

INNOCENT OMISSION

IT MAY APPEAR UNGRACIOUS to find fault with Sitewell's erudite and veracious article, "The Inventor of the Period" [*SR* Mar. 24]; but in interest of completeness, not to speak of justice, certain patent lapses therein should be noted.

As a devout admirer of Christopher Columbus—the only man ever to discover a continent 492 years after another had visited it—I was shocked to find no mention of the great navigator and his able half-brother, who were the undoubted inventors of the punctuation marks which bear their names, Colon and Semi-Colon. Was this an innocent omission, or was it one more insidious Scandinavian effort by partisans of Lief Eriksson to deprive the illustrious Genoese of well-earned credit? I hope that it was the former; for it is not pleasant to think that a scholar of Dr. Sitewell's standing would lend himself to such unseemly propaganda.

I find it difficult to understand Dr. Sitewell's cryptic statement, "There is no evidence that the Pehriads, father or son, invented either the question mark or the exclamation point." Why should anyone seek such evidence? Surely Dr. Sitewell is familiar with the classic demonstration by Herr Professor Doktor Hans Theophrastus von Punktkopf (*Jahrbuch fur altertumliche Schriftzeichen-fetzung und verwandte Wissenschaften*, Vol. XXLX. N. 606, pp. 77-84, 1955) in which the origin of the two signs is clearly shown.

The interrogation mark is a primitive Chinese radical predating the Chang script (Chow Dynasty), and is derived from a much earlier pictograph of a fishing crane peering inquisitively into a murky pool (syllabic value—"Ho-why"). The exclamation point is, of course, a stylized proto-Hittite sign originally intended to depict the startled upward leap of a man who has made contact with a wasp (assumed phonetic value—"Wh-ouch"). Both symbols antedate the Pehriads by several thousand years. Why does not Dr. Sitewell say so frankly?

GEORGE M. P. BAIRD.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

INVENTOR OF THE QUESTION MARK

SITEWELL'S ARTICLE on the inventor of the period, while thoroughly fascinating as far as it went, might have profited by more diligent research. Facts, of course, are obscure from a distance of so many centuries, but it is believed, and to a lesser extent documented, that Kohmar Questonius, a Roman gentleman of letters and soldier of fortune who lived nearly five centuries after Pehriad, not only invented the question mark but was a direct descendant of Pehriad.

Living as he did in turbulent times, Questionius's life and accomplishments are overshadowed, but, fortunately, his invention is still occasionally put to use.

LES NELSON.

Madison, Wisc.

INVENTOR OF THE COMMA

OF COURSE, EVERYONE KNOWS that Kohmar Pehriad invented the little dot we use at the end of sentences, but to credit him with the invention of the comma clearly demonstrates sloppy research techniques on the part of K. Jason Sitewell.

Actually, any freshman in palaeography could have told him that the comma first appeared in the title of a popular

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song written in 538 B.C. by a Brahmin monk named Brihaspati. The song, "Kama Long with Me, Down the Bramaputra," enjoyed great popularity for several centuries, and people came to associate the funny little mark which appeared in the title with the first word of the song. It's as simple as all that.

V. J. Ratza.

Flint, Mich.

JASON'S FLEECE

To all as deeply concerned as my colleagues and myself with scholarly research anent the technical abstrusities of diacriticism, grammatic pointilism, and general *signa arbitrata*, their origin, evolution, and usage, the article could bring only the greatest joy. Of a certainty, the small Society of which I have the honor to be both the Secretary and the charter member, The Society of the Epistemology of Abstract Notational Consequential Effective Symbolism, is wholly delighted. That so erudite an organ as yours would give notice to this *outré* discipline of knowledge is more than encouraging; that the contribution itself should be such an excellent one in a field of all too meager literature beggars all possibility of praise. If it would not appear facetious, indeed, one would be tempted to remark that this Jason has bagged himself a real Fleece.

Louis W. Hutchins.

Washington, D.C.

MOMENTOUS FIND

Congratulations on the late, late, late discovery of the originators of the punctuation marks. In this age of great discoveries, this seems even more momentous than the find of the Dead Sea Scrolls. Just one slight emendation: wouldn't it have been a bit more apt if along with Kohmar Pehriade for the comma and period, and Apos Strophe for the apostrophe, the copyright Brain had been named Kopos Ritos?

Edward P. Hawes.

Coraopolis, Pa.

THE EXCLAMATION POINT

Now that K. Jason Sitewell has cleared up the origin of the period and comma maybe we ought to do as much for the exclamation point!

Delos W. Lovelace.

Claremont, Calif.

PLANGENT SCHOLARSHIP

I wish to compliment *SR* on "The Inventor of the Period." This plangent piece of scholarship has expressed the inchoate faith of many readers of the English. To the contrary notwithstanding, Mr./Miss Sitewell has omitted several areas of research available to the omnifarious philologist. His ignorance concerning the "?" may be laid at the door of slap-dash modern methods of study. Quaestionius Marcus, one of the lesser lights of peripatetesis, gave his support to the use of "?," c. 234 B.C. It was taken up immediately by the Rhetoricians in hope of political favors.

Winona McClintic.

El Segundo, Calif.

MORE NUGGETS

That was indeed a remarkably fine piece of research on the first uses of punctuation. However, he has overlooked one or two other items of equal interest. For example, it is not generally known that the ingenious deviser of the question mark was none other than that Chinese scholar of the Ming Dynasty, Kiue Chan. Then again, as the Ming merged with the Ping, another important discovery is brought to light. At this time ancient archives record the name of Pong, familiar to us as the originator of the modern table game.

There must be many other nuggets of a similar nature that it would be good to hear about.

Mrs. Eli Orshansky.

Newport Beach, Calif.

SAFARI FOR SITEWELL

Am organizing safari into public domain (*pro rege, lege, et grege*). If game answers to name "K. Jason" we are pledged to sight well, shoot on same.

Inasmuch as Grimm's Law has been flagrantly disregarded in transliterating "Pehriad," trust you will perish all torts alleged to support anarchic view that justice of Octavian copyright precedent erred mercifully. (If the Empire was blind Homer would have been a dead pigeon at third . . .)

Best wishes for a happy April one.

William K. Fielding#*,"/.

Ware, Mass.

CORRECT GUESS

I was puzzled by the reference "April 1, AFD" in the concluding paragraph of that scholarly and highly illuminating article on the inventor of the period by K. Jason Sitewell. Am I right in supposing that AFD can only mean April Fool's Day?

Mark L. Guernsey.

Stratford, Conn.

Editor's Note: *The supposition is entirely reasonable.*

SOLACE FOR READERS

With regard to "The Annihilation of Privacy," by Ashley Montagu [*SR* Mar. 31], I can assure you that privacy will have been restored by 2065 A.D. In 1912 Rudyard Kipling looked into the future and described our planet as it will exist on August 26, 2065. The following excerpts from his brief narrative "As Easy as A.B.C." reveals what life will be like 100 years from now: "One knows that easy communications nowadays, and lack of privacy in the past, have killed all curiosity among mankind." In August 2065 the residents of Chicago complained bitterly to the Aerial Board of Control over "crowdmaking and invasion of privacy."

These people held peculiar notions of privacy: "There had, for instance, been no printed news-sheet in Illinois for twenty-seven years. Chicago argued that engines for printed news sooner or later developed into engines for invasion of privacy, which in turn might bring the old terror of crowds and blackmail back to the Planet. So news-sheets were not." Perhaps an evening's review of Kipling's two reports "With the Night Mail" and "As Easy as A.B.C." will provide solace to Mr. Montagu and all your readers.

Harry C. Bauer.

Seattle, Wash.

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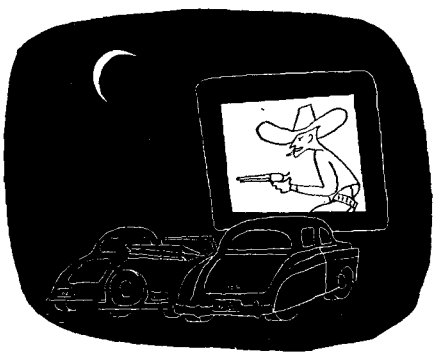
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Westerners with the Willies

THAT monumental Western "Shane" is still casting its shadow, judging by the two most recent CinemaScopic epics of the range, **"Jubal"** and **"Tribute to a Bad Man."** In "Shane" Alan Ladd was a handsome stranger, marvelously quick on the trigger, but who otherwise had no background. He was a gun-fighter, but where he came from, who his parents were, what developed his curious personality—all this was left unexplained. In contrast, the sheep-herders he delivered from the menace of the cattle barons were simple, understandable folk, their backgrounds written all over them. "Shane" was a different Western because it moved more slowly, and when violence came it was almost dreamlike. This is the pattern that seems to be taking over in modern Westerns. The killings now haunt the killers. The primitive morality play that was the earlier Western seems to have grown more complex. The good can do evil, and the evil can do no good.

The mysterious stranger, riding out of nowhere, is still present in Columbia's "Jubal," played this time by Glenn Ford, but he is a basically gentle fellow. He is even given something of a background. It seems his mother hated him. He was a love child, and she feared he would weaken his father's interest in her. She even left him to drown (it was his father who saved him) and thereafter he was cast inward upon himself. It's an odd kind of dialogue to hear in a Western. While the outdoors still figures prominently in "Jubal," it is what happens indoors that spins the plot. And here again the new pattern shows itself. The characters now have passions, sexual appetites. The ranch-owner, Ernest Borgnine, has a pretty wife, who fancies Glenn Ford. She's pretty obvious about the way she fancies him, but Borgnine has befriended him, and he will have none of her charms. These charms, by the way, are owned by a new British actress, Valerie French, and they awaken the keen interest of Rod Steiger, a ranch hand with a sour nature. Before events have run their course Miss French has been tossed around by Borgnine, spurned by Ford, and beaten and raped by Steiger. Seems none of the boys can keep their minds on the steers.



A far cry from the old days, when everything wound up with a wild, shooting finish, and the womenfolk only appeared when the guns had stopped smoking. But perhaps the most unusual touch occurs when Steiger, the villain, picks up a bawling motherless calf. As he looks at the poor thing his face suffuses with tenderness. Are men getting soft out there in the old West?

* * *

You certainly wouldn't guess it from the opening of **"Tribute to a Bad Man"** (M-G-M), which has Jimmy Cagney, another cattle baron, fighting it out with some rustlers. Appears the mysterious stranger (Don Dubbins) on the scene to rescue him, but he's a callow kid who's come from Philadelphia to make his way in life. He, too, has a mother, and this is probably the first Western in which anyone writes to his mother. Jimmy Cagney is a tough old guy with "hangin' fever." That is, anyone who steals his beef gets strung up, and this is the main point of difference between himself and his mistress, a handsome Greek woman he has rescued from a piano-playing career in cheap saloons.

Again the violence has a haunted quality. Guilt runs rampant and even affects that hard old bastard Cagney. Before long he, too, has gone soft and will henceforth depend upon due process of law to punish evildoers. He even legalizes his relationship with Miss Papas, gets her to cut out cigar-smoking (a habit she had picked up in the saloons), and settles down to a nice, domestic existence on the ranch. The kid from Philadelphia, on the other hand, having fallen in love with the Greek lady, clears out and wends his lonely way further West. Perhaps we'll pick him up again in another movie—an older, wiser, and more taciturn fellow.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

Who Researches the Researcher?

IN "LIVE" TV you can always tell whether a program is "running under or over" by the speed at which the end-credits are flashed on the screen. If the viewer doesn't notice the credits particularly you may be sure that in the control-room the director's assistant (whose duties include timing the show) is anticipating a pat on the back from her boss for getting the program off "on the nose." If the credits are galloping by at a Donald-Duck-fast tempo the show is late and racing to beat the "system cue." If, however, you suddenly become aware that you have been staring at "Make-up by Otto Schmidt" for a mysteriously long time don't be concerned about the state of control-room tension. The production staff's embarrassment at the agonizing "crawl" is secretly and satisfactorily balanced by the thrill of glory's duration for every last union member.

Credits bring dilemmas. Smart (and influential) producers insure themselves by taking double bows at the beginning and at the end of programs. Lesser titans weigh the wisdom of placing their names at the head of the closing parade or gambling on the very final fade-out. The general assumption is "you may be sure if it's first." Many a headman, however, has had to suffer the sling of outrageous misjudgment by some slave at the stop-watch and have his credit whisked off in two seconds at the beginning only to find himself (and that Nielson-Trendex multitude) staring at the end for ten (*think of it*—ten!) full seconds at "Assistant to the Assistant of the Associate of the Producer for the Executive Producer."

But credits are a very good thing. They cut down the amount of dialogue a writer must write, and thus increase his rate per word (a status-laden ratio). They impress audiences with the importance of television (so many laboring at so little). And credits do give the industry's hard-working technicians a stake in television's output. The entertainment industry, for all its money-centered drive, is fundamentally peopled by individuals who need an inordinate amount of ego-soothing. Credits in TV are advertising. Advertising is the base of our economy. Long live credits!

I saw one credit recently which broke new ground. "Studio One" (CBS) on a recent Monday night presented a drama, "The Arena," and among the very last credits was "Research by. . . ." Now researchers

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS

Naming-novels-by-their-terminal-sentences is no novelty in puzzles of this sort, and so, by way of being slightly different, there are offered herewith ten concluding *paragraphs* from as many novels. Kindly identify titles and authors. All is revealed on page 31.

1. Hello darling.
2. He picked up his bag and went out in the world and began the practice of Medicine.
3. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. And the white rats scampered and scrambled in their cages. And behind the glass the rattlesnakes lay still and stared into space with their dusty frowning eyes.
4. "I wish my castle wasn't burnt, and I wish you were a De Stancy!"
5. "I am not laughing," the old man bending over him said. "What you see are tears."
6. So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.
7. "My Master," he says, "has forewarned me. Daily he announces more distinctly,—'Surely I come, quickly!' and hourly I more eagerly respond,—'Amen; even so come, Lord Jesus!'"
8. I—I myself—was in love—with—PRISCILLA!
9. He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled, as a man may who has won Salvation for himself and his beloved.
10. His bride-to-be was gone.

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haven't yet made the grade in TV. They have no union to bargain for them collectively. They are, in the freest sense, free-lances (except the few attached to the network libraries), and since they have no easily understandable identity in the public mind no one ever thinks of giving them recognition.

They dig anonymously among dusty shelves and in newspaper morgues, and pass their nuggets on to writers or producers who take the lion's share of the cash and certainly all of the credit. A credit line for research on the dramatic program, indeed! In thinking back to the subject of the drama "The Arena" it became apparent that the research must have sought out Senatorial procedure in Washington, the technique of press conference, the use of the U.S. Government Directory, protocol, "Robert's Rules," etc. The behavior of the Senate pageboys seemed authentic. The playwright's picture of statecraft in the august Upper Chamber, however, was rather distorted. The story told of a youthful Senator who engages in a personal feud with the senior Senator of his state. The antagonism is worked out on the Senate floor, private offices, and banner headlines, as well as on a TV program similar to "Meet the Press."

The impression given was that the United States Senate has no more pressing business in these tense times than to observe with decorum a Capitol brawl between a fledgling statesman with a father fixation and a party bigwig who once belonged to a quasi-chauvinist hate movement called The Vindicators. In the play's climax the junior Senator discovers his colleague's guilty secret, is about to spread it on the record and destroy his opponent when he suddenly "comes to recognition," changes his mind, tears up the evidence, and sees his own father, an embittered politician, as an evil man. The play was very unconvincing. As is often the case with a poor script, it inspired inadequacy in all the collaborative departments. The essential weakness of "The Arena" lay in the lack of truly significant research. The researcher ought to have measured accurately the silver cord between father and son as well as the dramatically unimportant Congressional mechanics. Compatible fathers and sons usually have some affinity of ideas and values. The father and this son were as far apart as the poles. They were not believably related to each other on the basis offered by the author.

And even if we could accept the blind hero-worship of the son for the father the former's immature sense of responsibility could hardly be reconciled with the statesmanship of this freshman Senator. Furthermore, it is psychologically unsound to have a full-dress "conversion" occur in a matter of minutes. Compulsive behavior patterns are deep-rooted in the personality structure. They are tough, and they resist change. So strong a silver cord could never have been cut in so short a time. "The Arena" merited special attention because it is the latest work of Rod Serling, who wrote the very moving and impressive TV play "Patterns" in 1954, since made into a movie. There was some very fine "research" in that play into the behavior of men in big business. No researcher received a credit, if I recall correctly. "The Arena" was front- and back-billed as "written especially for Studio One by Rod Serling." The credit at the end was "Research by Rod Serling." The conclusion is obvious. The researcher failed his playwright. Gracefully, he might have declined that novel end credit. —Robert Lewis Shayon.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Prokofieff Concerto, Mahler No. 3—Liebermann

IT IS not often that an orchestra schedules the same work with soloists twice within a week—unintentionally, that is. The odd circumstances came about lately in Carnegie Hall with the New York Philharmonic Symphony directed by Dimitri Mitropoulos and solo cellists Laszlo Varga and Mtsislav Rostropovich. The composer who provided the "work" is Serge Prokofieff.

Many weeks ago Varga chose to play the Concerto No. 1 (Op. 58), which hasn't been heard here since 1940, and thus is virtually unknown. When Rostropovich was cleared for a tour in this country it was announced that he would bring with him Prokofieff's *second* concerto, bearing Op. No. 125 and a dedication to the performer. Both were in E minor, but that didn't rouse any uncommon reaction, for composers have been known to duplicate key signatures. It was not until Dimitri Mitropoulos began to study the two works that the facts clearly emerged, namely, that the "second" concerto is a substantially revised edition of No. 1.

How "substantially" will not be known until Rostropovich has his opportunity. To judge from the visual appearance of the two scores, Prokofieff has made major alterations in layout of parts, scoring, and sequence of ideas. To judge from the sound of it as played by Varga and the orchestra the changes could well improve a score which has a good deal of the composer's typical ingenuity of structure, a fair share of provocative ideas, and a suggestion of awkwardness in the treatment of the solo instrument.

Nevertheless, as projected by Varga it served to demonstrate some unusual qualifications in the equipment of the Philharmonic's principal cellist. His tone is round and sonorous from the top of the range to the bottom—Prokofieff is unsparing in his exploitation of these extremes—he has a rock-solid technique, and he can sing a melodic line with the best. In addition, he is a musician of highly cultivated instincts and an interpreter of distinct individuality. In a sequence of Philharmonic first cellists embracing Alfred Wallenstein, Joseph Schuster, and Leonard Rose he upholds worthily a demanding standard.

Along with untracking the intricacies of the orchestral score for this "novelty," Dimitri Mitropoulos spent much of his time during the week in the untracked wilds of Mahler's Third Symphony. This is even more a novelty than the Prokofieff, for it hadn't been played here in concert since the early Twenties, when Mengelberg was the conductor. (Those with sufficient curiosity might, however, have searched it out in a recording directed by F. Charles Adler.) As tends to be the case with Mitropoulos's projection of such dinosaurian works as Strauss's "Alpine" Symphony or the Sixth of Mahler, his vigorous treatment provided answers to a) why the work should not be neglected, b) why it is neglected. The noisy jubilations of the first movement roused the kind of response that goes with any long-drawn crescendo, this one being doubly arousing because it came at the end of a movement lasting a half-hour. There is a stretch of truly beautiful music in the finale, but it is stretched by Mahler beyond its expressive capacity. Humperdinck used the same vocabulary to much more artistic ends in—save the mark—"Hänsel und Gretel." The vocal solo part was sung with broad, expressive sound by Beatrice Kreb, a mezzo who could have a future if she could control a quaver in the voice.

For the final novelty of his period as director of the New York City Center Joseph Rosenstock offered a double bill that began with Rolf Liebermann's "The School for Wives" and concluded with Mozart's "Impresario." Unfortunately, the time allocation was inverse to the qualities, though the brevity of Mozart seemed the more inspired after the cumbersome intricacies of Liebermann.

What the title has to do with the latter's plot is anybody's guess, for the situation as presented (with a deep devoir to Molière) is the classic one of the elderly suitor wooing a youthful fiancée attracted to a male of her own age. It is the basic content of "Barber of Seville," "Don Pasquale," and even "Tristan and Isolde." Here, after an inordinate amount of talk, it is resolved by the appearance of the parents, who disclose that the young people were meant for each other all along.

Liebermann's score (composed for presentation in Louisville, where it had its American premiere) is unlimited in facility and almost as prolific in futility. There is an unremitting amount of orchestral and vocal activity (somewhat on the scale of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos") but it never adds up to anything succinct, memorable, or even entertaining. As in such other Liebermann works as the "Furioso" for orchestra, the "Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra," or "Musique" for narrator and orchestra, the basic notion for "a piece" is much stronger than the musical articulation of it.

Wolfgang Roth provided a good simple setting and the typical kind of City Center personnel (Peggy Bonini, Jon Crain, John Reardon, and William Pickett, making his debut as an accomplished impersonator of the rejected older man) performed with verve and enthusiasm, but too little vocal resource and not enough skill in enunciation of the English text by Elizabeth Montagu. The composer, newly arrived from Switzerland, was present to take a bow. Beverly Sills and Jacquelynne Moody had the principal parts in the air-clearing work of the young Mozart that followed though the interpolated "gags" were hardly kind to him.

THE Metropolitan closed one of its most successful recent seasons (financially) and erratic ones (artistically) with a performance of Johann Strauss's masterwork described as "Farewell to 'Fledermaus'." The suspicion is, however, that this is in the nature of a Patti farewell, for nobody in authority would take an oath that it wouldn't be restored two seasons hence. In a physical way, Rolf Gerard's production looks better after forty-three showings in five seasons than some others do after many fewer. This is, admittedly, guarded praise, but hardly an occasion for putting a match to the items involved.

As well as listening to each other perform as Adele, Rosalinda, Eisenstein, Orlofsky, etc., the cast of Patrice Munsel, Eleanor Steber, Charles Kullman, and Blanche Thebom had the pleasure of listening to such colleagues as Cesare Siepi, Jussi Bjoerling, Otto Edelmann, and Hilde Gueden as "guests" at the second act ball. This produced some unsuspected merriment, especially when Siepi, upon entering, gallantly kissed the hand of "Miss" Thebom, though she was, at the moment, a moustached Russian nobleman. The basso survived this contretemps to sing two Italian songs with juicy sound. Bjoerling, in fine voice, sang one Italian song and Grieg's "Ein Traum," to which Edelmann added a flavorsome version of the favorite Viennese song about Grinzing, and Miss Gueden trilled Strauss's "Voices of Spring." It left, altogether, a pleasant memory of one of Rudolf Bing's happiest innovations.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Distaff Side

Continued from page 19

not only of my life but of his life; and of our life together." Here in these lines is the final tragedy of a happy marriage—the payoff as it were, that when one dies the other must go on alone.

Mrs. Millin writes a great deal about her friend General Smuts, whose biographer she was. She writes of Bernard Shaw, also her friend, of John Galsworthy, of Philip Guedella, who said "I do not write books to have them hushed up when accused of being too fond of publicity." Being a South African she laughs at Galsworthy complaining of a thirteen-day drought, and comments, "What would the English call four months, five months without rain?"

Later she turned somewhat against Smuts, never felt quite the same toward him, because he refused to give her husband the help he needed for his work. I remember the judge when he was on the job, overworked and depressed. There is little doubt that this was at least a contributory cause to his death. He was one of the hardest-worked judges and one of the best and best liked in the Union.

As I see it here is an autobiography that will live because of the strange paradox of personal revelation mixed with peepholes into history and the lives of the great. But again I affirm that I am prejudiced.

SUBURBAN LIVING: Any housewife can write a book nowadays. All she needs is a house, preferably in the suburbs, two or more children, a membership in the PTA, a half interest in a Brownie troop, a servant problem, and a husband who is stubborn but lovable and goes around saying "Hell and Maria!" It helps, of course, if everybody concerned has red hair, or if the husband has an Unusual Occupation (such as being a doctor), but these things are not strictly necessary, and in Ernestine Gilbreth Carey's case the special gimmick is the fact that her parents were the Frank and Lillian Gilbreth of "Cheaper by the Dozen."

Now in her latest effort, **"Rings Around Us"** (Little, Brown, $3.50), there are, you see, these two children who sometimes needle their father into buying a Cadillac when they are not exchanging dialogue that includes "Mind your business, old flutterhead" and "But you're such a pig." Then there is the father. "Ah, this man," Mrs. Carey gloats on page 61. "How had I found him or managed to land him?" This is exactly two pages after he has told her "you're hopeless, Ern. I wouldn't believe any woman could be so stupid."

About the most exciting thing that happens to the Careys is that their son is born with a rudimentary tail and that their housekeeper, a follower of Father Divine, leaves the house in horror with the cry that the family is marked by sin. But to bear down heavily on a book as fluffy and as harmless and as easy-to-take as is "Rings Around Us" would be like using a shillelagh to spank a baby. Perhaps its failure lies in the fact that Mrs. Carey has only two children to her parents' twelve, or perhaps it is because a couple of generations have diluted the vinegary eccentricities of the elder Gilbreth into something as bland as Pablum.

—H. B. W.

Well-Preserved

By Candace T. Stevenson

"A WONDERFUL old woman," someone said,
"Must be a hundred." So I went to see
this age beyond the limits of belief:
Eight-year-old eyes took in the alcove where
scimitar-beaked the parrot on his perch
squawked ribaldry across the shadowed room.
What-nots and cabinets, bell-glass of wax flowers,
stuffed partridge in a pine-cone lacquered frame,
blue-ribboned china dogs, snuff-box and shells
sat in an air hermetically sealed
on year on year of onion and ragout.
In high-backed chair the woman rocked and rocked,
her raucous laughter echoing the birds.

"Over a hundred," but I'd seen a fig
laid down in syrup that resembled her.
I did not find her wonderful at all.

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Chronicler of Crime

Joseph F. Dinneen has made a notable career ferreting out the facts behind U.S. crime and publishing them as thinly-disguised fiction. Croswell Bowen, writer of "Annals of Crime" for The New Yorker, *here takes a look at the man and his latest work.*

By CROSWELL BOWEN

WHEN Joseph F. Dinneen of the *Boston Globe* goes to work from suburban Needham in the morning he drives into Boston in a car equipped not only with a police radio but a radio telephone by which he can talk with anyone anywhere in the United States (and Europe, too, for all I know). He parks his car just off Washington Street and, carrying a briefcase (sometimes it contains a tape recorder), wanders into the city room of the *Globe*. He picks up his mail, his assignments, chats with Mr. Jones or Mr. Winship, two of the paper's distinguished editors, then goes back down to Washington Street, where he may glance at the hand-lettered posters of news headlines reminiscent of the Civil War, which the *Globe* still hangs out in front of its building. He then ducks down a kind of alley-way into an office behind in which a bird-cage elevator takes him to his office-hideaway on the third floor. His man Friday has been going through more Dinneen mail and manning the private Dinneen telephone (which Joe tells his friends is "probably tapped so I'll call you from a pay station."). Friday (his real name is Slattery) quickly gives his boss a run-down on who called by phone or in person and what new flock of underworld rumors are flying around town. About twelve-thirty Joe goes back to Washington Street and steps into one of the most extraordinary bars in the world. It's so narrow it can only accommodate one row of men *standing* at the bar. It is also pie-shaped and ends in a ten degree angle. The bartender, who limits Joe to two one-ounce shots of whiskey (a pact made at Joe's request long long ago), has more intelligence to pass on to Joe. As he chats with the bartender a number of interesting-looking characters sidle up to Joe. The bartender always moves away discreetly to serve another customer. They are maybe cops, ex-cops, friends, or relatives of the men who did the Brink's job or the Danvers job; bookies, lawyers, press agents, maybe even a few Harvard grads. They're all Joe Dinneen's friends, all eager to help him, all part of his life and work. Joe looks like a priest and has a somewhat Jesuitical mind. He's always listening. When Joe leaves the bar he goes across the street to Thompson's Spa to eat his lunch at a counter. He may stop to chat on the way with Paul Smith, the leading Boston criminal lawyer. Today Smith is a celebrity because in June he'll represent the alleged leaders of the eleven thieves the FBI says took Brink's for $1,200,000 cash.

In the afternoon Joe may cover a murder trial or interview a Harvard professor or stay in his office and talk with gabby members of New England's extensive underworld. He may be interrupted by a call from Joseph P. Kennedy or his son, the Senator, about whom he once wrote a book; or from the Archbishop of Boston. (In his will the late Cardinal O'Connell of Boston designated Joe as a pall-bearer.)

THIS is a highly unorthodox way of getting into a review of Mr. Dinneen's new novel, **"Underworld U.S.A."** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75), but, in my view, 90 per cent of the importance of Joe Dinneen's writing is that he knows what he's talking about.

If you had occasion to keep up with spectacular crime in New England as I do you'd find it an exciting game to try and figure out which one of the crime stories Joe has been covering for the *Globe* is being turned into what he calls "alloyed fiction." I assume he means that he's case-hardened the base metal of fiction with shiny, stainless-steel fact. That's exactly what he did in his last book, "The Anatomy of a Crime." He told,

in fiction, the story of the Brink's robbery. The characters and plot all figure just about as they do in real life. I speak with special knowledge on this because I've just completed a rather extensive factual study of the case histories of all eleven Brink's defendants. When I was leaving Boston Joe asked, with a twinkle in his eye, "Did the facts you got follow the script of "Anatomy"? "You made out better," I said, "than any one of the eleven in the deal." Joe snorted, "I made more counting the movie rights."

In reading "Underworld, U. S. A." I'd suggest that you recall the recent robbing of an armored truck of $600,000 while it was parked in the square at Danvers, Mass. (The drivers were in a diner sipping coffee.) Gangster George O'Brien was tried for masterminding it. The FBI built a case against him but attorney Paul Smith got an acquittal. O'Brien committed suicide by shooting himself while an FBI tail was on him. O'Brien has a brother, "Carlton" O'Brien, who has disappeared. He is rumored to have been killed. In "Underworld" the leading character is Carlton "Fingers" Tolland. He also picked the pockets of the driver of an armored truck while he was drinking beer at a diner-bar. Tolland later gets tried for the robbery, beats the rap, and shoots himself while an FBI tails him. That's all the plot of the story I'm going to tell but I think you get the idea.

Don't read this book as you would a literary novel. Joe is no Dostoievsky. He is weak, in my view, on giving much insight into the minds of his criminals.

To me the great truth of Underworld is that it shows *how* "crime was unorganized before National Prohibition" and how bootleggers "laid the foundation for a national crime syndicate." Dinneen shows how the system operates today by giving us the detailed case history of a specific crime. At the end of his book Joe chats at a cocktail party with the leader of the syndicate, Earl Connors, a Boston citizen who has transferred his bootlegging enterprises into bookmaking, numbers, horse and dog racing, and even some legitimate businesses. If I told you who I think Connors is in real life it would rock you. His children have all become useful citizens in spite of their father's shady past. Connors told Joe something we might all think about: "If public temper originates a crusade against . . . crime . . . it will be wiped out . . . It will bob up again as soon as vigilence is relaxed." I guess this is not our crusade year. I've just received an authoritative figure from the FBI giving last year's cost of crime in USA as twenty billion dollars. Yes, billion.

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

women prisoners, they are only stripped of their uniforms, whereupon the Corporal disguises his men as Russians and continues his march toward the German lines. The author describes with obvious relish and tacit approval the summary punishment given the delinquent sentinel: he is trampled to death and torn to pieces by his infuriated victim and her companions.

It goes without saying that such a rather strict disciplinarian is even more beastly to Russians. He shoots wounded prisoners who refuse to talk, threatens a half-dead captured officer with castration and kicks him in the groin. He is never without a volume of Schiller's poems and can become rather sentimental when he thinks of his girl, whom he has lost in a mountain accident. When this rather dubious hero is killed by a Russian shell this reader felt the relief of a happy ending. Unfortunately, the author intended to evoke a quite different reaction and evidently did among his German public, including the "most eminent critics."

SCOTTISH ROMANCE: Guy McCrone's **"Charlotte and Dr. James"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50) invites comparison with J. M. Barrie's "Little Minister." Like Barrie, McCrone is a Scot; like him, he places his characters in a Scottish background, Glasgow, in this instance; like him, he weaves a sentimental story of two lovers who had to resort to an unconventional marriage. But, unlike Barrie, who had the magic of words which transported the reader into his own world, McCrone leaves him an emotionally uninvolved observer on the side lines.

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The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
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The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.
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if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself
had never been born.

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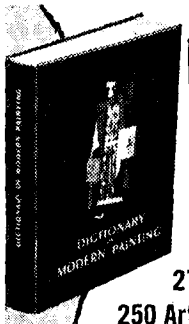

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thing to capture her interest, Sir James Mennock, eminent surgeon, presents her with the key to a file which holds the diaries he has kept since his youth. Deliberately, he assigns her the task of writing the story of his life as reconstructed from his notes.

It is mainly the turbulent love affair between the humbly-born, red-headed Dr. Mennock and the highly-born Charlotte Gailes that makes the content of McCrone's book. The diaries, by implication, promise the unfolding of a life of a simple country doctor who became famous as a surgeon, but outside of James's marrying into a prominent family there is nothing to indicate either his skill or his progress. And while James and Charlotte are engaging in the years of their courtship, the one hesitant, the other impulsive, their romance holds more interest for a granddaughter in need of emotional therapy than for a reader who is detached. —ROSE FELD.

MAYHEM AT OXFORD: In Robert Robinson's witty and cheerfully malicious first novel, **"Landscape with Dead Dons"** (Rinehart, $3), two Oxford savants are dispatched in quick succession. One is speared with a fruit knife and propped up on the chapel roof as a temporary addition to the masonry; the other is less imaginatively but just as finally done in with a poker. Mr. Robinson is knowledgeable enough to know that when a university professor (or two) meets with foul play there's likely to be a surplus rather than a dearth of motives. He views the academic world as an intellectual's Casbah in which "the sense of competition is sharpened and the problem is how to compete most tellingly." In such a blackguard jungle there are motives for homicide around every ivied corner, and Mr. Robinson has an exhilarating time weaving the evidence into a vastly amusing (and recognizable) caricature of the university microcosm. Who, he asks, spitted Manchip, master of Warlock College, and left him as a human gargoyle?

The bobbin employed to collect the loose threads in "Landscape with Dead Dons" is an inspector from the Yard, who is enough of an intellectual to be able to keep abreast of homicidal scholars. But even Inspector Autumn hasn't an inkling of the murderer's complexity of character—which is one of Mr. Robinson's most intriguing revelations. "Landscape with Dead Dons" is evidently more than just another campus whodunit—though it doesn't want for suspense; it is a first-rate satire which follows the undercurrents of faculty politics to some plausible conclusions, horrendous; and very, very funny.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

What's Happening to Our Newspapers?

Continued from page 8

dig them out. How much livelier some of our dailies would be, and how much the great majority of readers would love them for it, if these big stories could be brought to the surface.

It takes courage to do that. It takes experienced and competent direction of such assignments, for readers are more sensitive and more vocal than ever if you go off half-cocked on a job of investigative reporting. It takes staff—good men, well-paid, specialized reporters. It takes money. The newspaper today *has* the money. To wait until circulation or advertising revenue drops and then attempt to turn the trend is futile. That would be too much like the advertiser who quits spending money when times are good and wonders why he doesn't survive when trouble hits.

Nobody's going to do the local digging-reporting if newspapers don't. Some of the good magazines may do the job in national or international situations. But they probably won't come into the smaller towns for obvious reasons. Nor will radio and television do it. Their field has settled down to be mostly entertainment (and in the process they have considerably reduced the demand of newspaper readers for entertainment in the paper). All this makes the newspaper more important than ever locally.

THE AUTHOR: Louis Seltzer was born in Cleveland, he likes Cleveland, and he intends to spend the rest of his life in Cleveland. Once he turned down an appointment to the United States Senate in order to remain there. Seltzer has developed in his newspaper the most extensive public-affairs department of any American journal, with a staff of its own. In addition to its comprehensive news coverage, the *Cleveland Press* runs dozens of features on such topics as cleaning up the Lake Erie lakefront, the need for a municipal zoo, colored oleomargarine, how to feed babies, etc. One woman is employed by the *Press* with the sole job of stimulating and coordinating letter-friendships between kids of different counties. This tremendous sense of civic responsibility, which has encouraged Seltzer to constitute his paper a sort of watchdog of all Cleveland's professional and non-professional affairs—irritating hundreds of people who want to be left alone—has grown out of a childhood of extreme poverty. When Louis Seltzer went into the newspaper business as a youth he found in the bustle and variety of journalism just the world he craved. Even today he works best in the crashing racket of the city room; that's where he's finishing his autobiography, soon to be published by World Publishing Co. (of Cleveland).

LET'S move to another area where editors are taking the easy way out in meeting changing conditions. This is in the area of the use of paper—newsprint. What happens when the price of newsprint goes up? The journalistic hierarchy decides to buy a little less by using narrower rolls. And then they absorb the reduced width by cutting out white space, narrowing column rules, shortening lines of type, crowding another column to a page, trimming the height of the page, or one or more of a dozen devices to make the paper look worse which in turn make it harder to read and make the reader mad enough to turn his attention to television or a typographically-attractive magazine.

What in the world can be in editors' minds, or business managers', when they believe that papers can prosper forever by allowing the product to deteriorate in content and appearance and vigor and salability at the very point in history when they all face the greatest competition for people's time and attention? People's reading habits are changing. They are spending less time with their daily papers. A story has to be really important to be read if it is long and wordy. Careful selection of material and careful editing to get it down to a length that will be read are more vital than ever. The appeal of good pictures is still on the rise. A paper has got to have eye-appeal as well as good reporting, writing, and editing. It must look good not only on Page One but all through it if the reader is to stay with it more than a minute.

Nine out of ten papers are crowded, lack eye-appeal, crowd too much in too little. The reader isn't spending enough time with it to get his five or ten cents' worth. When money gets scarce in that household there's going to be an easy place for him—or her—to save that five or seven or ten cents.

In these thick and crowded-looking papers not very much help is given the

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reader in finding what he's looking for. Again there are distinguished exceptions, but mostly editors are letting important pages and departments wander aimlessly around Page One, unanchored and often unfound. Sometimes an index is printed on Page One, but that isn't enough. Is the editor afraid to offend an advertiser by throwing him off the front or back of a section? That's generally the same advertiser who'll be glad to keep buying the additional circulation you'll get by making your paper attractive, easy to read, and easy to find things in.

Readers don't like stories that start on one page and finish on another, no matter what the disguise or allure. How many jumps did the average paper have yesterday? Why can't they be edited out? Readers like pictures. How many newspages are printed without any? Readers like easy-to-read type. How many papers are still using seven point, plus a lot of five-and-a-half agate? Even eight-point is being frowned on in many places now, and already abandoned in a few. What is the business doing about color, or is it going to abandon that great area of popular appeal entirely to the magazines and television?

THINK for a minute of all the appeals these days to the time and attention of the teen-agers, for instance. Is the local newspaper meeting this competition and getting these young people as readers now, when they should be getting the newspaper reading habit? Doesn't it all boil down to this: once the reader came to the newspaper because he had few other places to go; now it must go to him. He can't any longer be offered a product in a "take-it-or-leave-it" spirit. He's got to be coaxed, sold. The newspapers must be part of his family. He's got to feel the editor is his friend and not just a big corporation trying to take his money.

Big industries spend millions on public relations, and they'd give millions more to have in the palm of their hands, and listening, just a tiny fraction of the people who read papers. But newspaper promotions tend to be gimmicks to get people to buy a few extra papers to work a puzzle, to fill out a coupon. If newspapers want to appeal to readers by giving them something in addition to news why don't they spend more money helping young mothers learn how to care for their babies, or show men and women what they can do to find a better home or neighborhood, or how to feed and entertain aged couples who otherwise have few pleasures? This is the circulation that lasts.

Most editors need to get out more and be a part of the town. They stay too much in their offices, visit too much with the same people. Some offices are so inaccessible a person can't get a hearing unless he has influence. A newspaper must have human qualities. It must have understanding and sympathy and know what is really in the hearts of its readers, and it can't get that if the men who run it sit in their offices and read *The New York Times*.

Here are a couple of paragraphs from a recent stirring speech made by a distinguished fellow townsman, Dean Carl F. Wittke of Western Reserve University, one of the country's ablest historians and scholars. Dean Wittke, speaking of the growth of American social conscience, said:

> Flexibility has kept our democracy strong and made it stable. We have made mistakes, but the sober common sense of the American people, acting by the democratic process, has triumphed in the end. In this we have faith. We prefer ballots to bullets, and counting noses to breaking them, and because we have been willing to experiment we have proceeded by evolution rather than revolution.
>
> It is for these reasons that the

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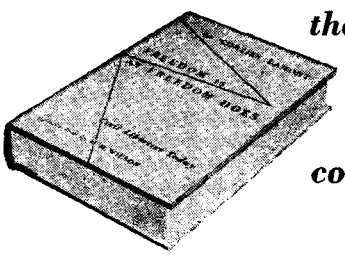
1. "Kitty Foyle" (Christopher Morley). 2. "Not As a Stranger" (Morton Thompson). 3. "Cannery Row" (John Steinbeck). 4. "A Laodicean" (Thomas Hardy). 5. "A Fable" (William Faulkner). 6. "The Great Gatsby" (F. Scott Fitzgerald). 7. "Jane Eyre" (Charlotte Brontë). 8. "The Blithedale Romance" (Nathaniel Hawthorne). 9. "Kim" (Rudyard Kipling). 10. "Seventeen" (Booth Tarkington).



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protection of our fundamental civil liberties is so important. We need free enterprise in business and industry, and we need free enterprise in ideas about government and its functions. We need free schools, for they are the lighthouses that chart the course of civilization. They are society's experiment stations, and they provide new dreams and hopes when we are tempted to yield to despair. We need a free, an intelligent, and an independent press, and in an era of mass production of newspapers by great publishing companies we need more William Allen Whites to get off their chest what they really think.

And again, Dean Wittke said:

The sober second thought of the American people is overcoming the paralyzing fear and hysteria which led the fainthearted to lose courage and confidence in the American way of life. If we would preserve this land as a place where individual liberty can exercise its invigorating effect; if we would preserve that flexibility which alone can insure orderly progress; if we would keep this a land of promises and hopes, and rugged and high adventure, then we cannot condone interference with any of the channels of information and free debate upon which the progress of this nation depends. Not majority rule but the rights of minorities, as defined in the law, the Constitution, and the courts, is the real test of democracy.

He concluded:

Man's dream-world of justice and brotherhood has been as powerful a motivating force as any material thing in fashioning a moral design for the good life. History is full of the records of men and women who have devoted their lives to those who have been hurt and bruised in the human adventure. The essence of all great religions is mercy, and all the virtues are enwrapped in compassion for one's fellow man and devotion to the beloved community.

And for myself, finally, making use of Dean Wittke's phrase "beloved community," I believe that the American newspaper of the future will be made great by reflecting the crazy-quilt pattern of a bewildering and swiftly changing world while remaining close to the "beloved community" for which and in which it is published. And that "beloved community" may either be Eugene, Oregon, or Crestline, Ohio, or Tulsa, Oklahoma, or San Francisco or Chicago or New York or Houston or Cleveland or any community in America—be it counted in the hundreds or in the millions.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DON'T LOOK BACK *Miriam Borgenicht* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Midwest hospital MD put on spot by hoods as son is snatched to hold dad in line; his secretary sleuths.	Bad men conventional types and not too bright; gal's ruse effective; love finds a way.	Agony job.
THE VOICE OF MURDER *Margaret Erskine* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Poison death in swank London home draws Insp. Finch into old-family tangle; niece used as phone decoy.	Atmosphere and background good; characters plausible; pace unhot but adequate; professional performance.	Fluent and leisurely.
FAMOUS CRIMINAL CASES NO. 2 *Rupert Furneaux* (Roy: $3.50)	Second vol. in yearly series summarizes dozen *causes célèbres* of 1954: mainly British, plus French, New Zealand.	Several familiar but worth fresh study; others will be brand new to US audience; brevity slight handicap.	Mixed bag.
JUDAS JOURNEY *Lee Roberts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Texas oil coast scene of sharp violence as rigger gets involved with two gals (one dies quick).	Attempted frame-up puts hero in jam: cast well-limned; Mexican sortie gives good change of pace.	Moves all the way.
WIDOW'S WEB *Ursula Curtiss* (Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	Roving reporter learns of pal's demise, suspects relict, plays eye as quest races to climax in New England village.	Elaborate plot culminates in bold but legitimate switcheroo; characterization, pace constant; love finds a way.	Effective.
INSPECTOR MORGAN'S DILEMMA *John Bingham* (Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	Yard, called into London arson case, finds body; truth emerges after much trial and error.	Cop who makes mistakes refreshing novelty; personnel miscellaneous but nicely set off.	High plus-mark.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1153

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Violent tendency to seize for oneself.	28 88 165 43 142 23 69 58
B. State of being forgotten.	37 11 149 113 55 181 40 110
C. Windows in the roof.	99 35 2 7 90 183 169 102 10
D. Stress.	143 22 76 4 48 131 116 66
E. Lawyer's office.	123 95 21 42 67 56 144 79
F. Year when (1) Elizabeth acceded to the throne; (2) King Farouk was forced to abdicate (comp.).	20 51 26 171 46 173 174 64
G. Protuberance on a bone, in anatomy.	152 93 105 188 122 71 168 172 146
H. Another colloq. wd. for blockhead.	153 185 44 114 127 92 77 30
I. Witness under oath.	72 61 161 33 125 115 182 52
J. Gravely wrongful acts.	1 82 3 141 13 111 81 121
K. Laughed loud and scornfully (comp.).	150 187 108 18 193 38 164 130
L. Figuratively eye, or ear.	170 89 151 166 83 117 63 189 16
M. Aviator's word for high elevation.	139 134 106 179 175 29 57 73
N. Rankly odorous, esp. of decaying animal matter.	148 93 84 31 49 138 68 176

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Joyous cry of the Greek soldiers in the Anabasis.	186 159 128 140 5 97 54 70
P. Device for telling time by the moon's rays across a gnomon (2 wds.).	154 78 119 120 85 191 135 107 112
Q. German bacteriologist; many serums, esp. for hog cholera, foot-and-mouth disease (1870 —).	65 137 190 157 14 180 101 145 74
R. "Harbor" on Attu, an inlet.	91 156 15 62 132 96 194 27 104
S. Small black-spored mushrooms, edible, growing in groups of many individuals (2 wds.).	103 129 162 45 100 133 25 136
T. Strabismus in which the eye turns inward toward the nose.	19 158 178 155 192 109 59 118 9
U. On the way to not any place at all.	177 124 6 39 147 34 8 47 167
V. Period of Theban dynasties, Egypt, 1580-1100 B.C., when Egypt was at the height of her power (2 wds.).	36 163 41 80 87 94 53 60 75
W. Inner germ layer of an embryo.	12 32 126 160 184 24 86 50 17

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. It read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	1 J	2 C	■	3 J	4 D	5 O	6 U	7 C	■	8 U	9 T	10 O	■	11 B	12 W
13 J	14 Q	■	15 R	16 L	■	17 W	18 K	19 T	■	20 F	21 E	22 D	23 A	24 W	25 S	■	26 F
27 R	28 A	■	29 M	■	30 H	31 N	■	32 W	33 I	34 U	■	35 O	36 V	37 B	38 K	■	39 U
40 B	41 V	■	42 E	43 A	44 H	45 S	■	46 F	47 U	48 D	49 N	50 W	■	51 F	52 I	■	53 V
54 O	■	55 B	56 E	57 M	58 A	■	59 T	60 V	61 I	62 R	63 L	64 F	65 Q	66 D	■	67 E	68 N
69 A	■	70 O	71 G	72 I	■	73 M	74 Q	75 V	■	76 D	77 H	78 P	79 E	80 V	81 J	■	82 J
83 L	■	84 N	85 P	86 W	87 V	88 A	89 L	90 O	91 R	■	92 H	93 G	94 V	95 E	96 R	97 O	98 N
99 O	■	100 S	101 Q	102 O	■	103 S	104 R	■	105 G	■	106 M	107 P	108 K	■	109 T	110 B	111 J
■	112 P	113 B	114 H	115 I	■	116 D	117 L	■	118 T	119 P	■	120 P	■	121 J	122 G	123 E	124 U
125 I	126 W	—	127 H	128 O	129 S	130 K	■	131 D	132 R	133 S	134 M	■	135 P	■	136 S	137 Q	138 N
139 M	140 O	141 J	■	142 A	143 D	144 E	145 Q	146 G	147 U	148 N	149 B	150 K	■	151 L	152 G	153 H	154 P
■	155 T	156 R	157 Q	■	158 T	159 O	160 W	161 I	162 S	163 V	164 K	165 A	166 L	167 U	■	168 G	169 O
170 L	171 F	■	172 G	173 F	■	174 F	175 M	176 N	■	177 U	178 T	179 M	180 Q	181 B	182 I	183 O	■
184 W	185 H	186 O	■	187 K	188 G	■	189 L	190 Q	191 P	■	192 T	193 K	194 R	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 29 of this issue.

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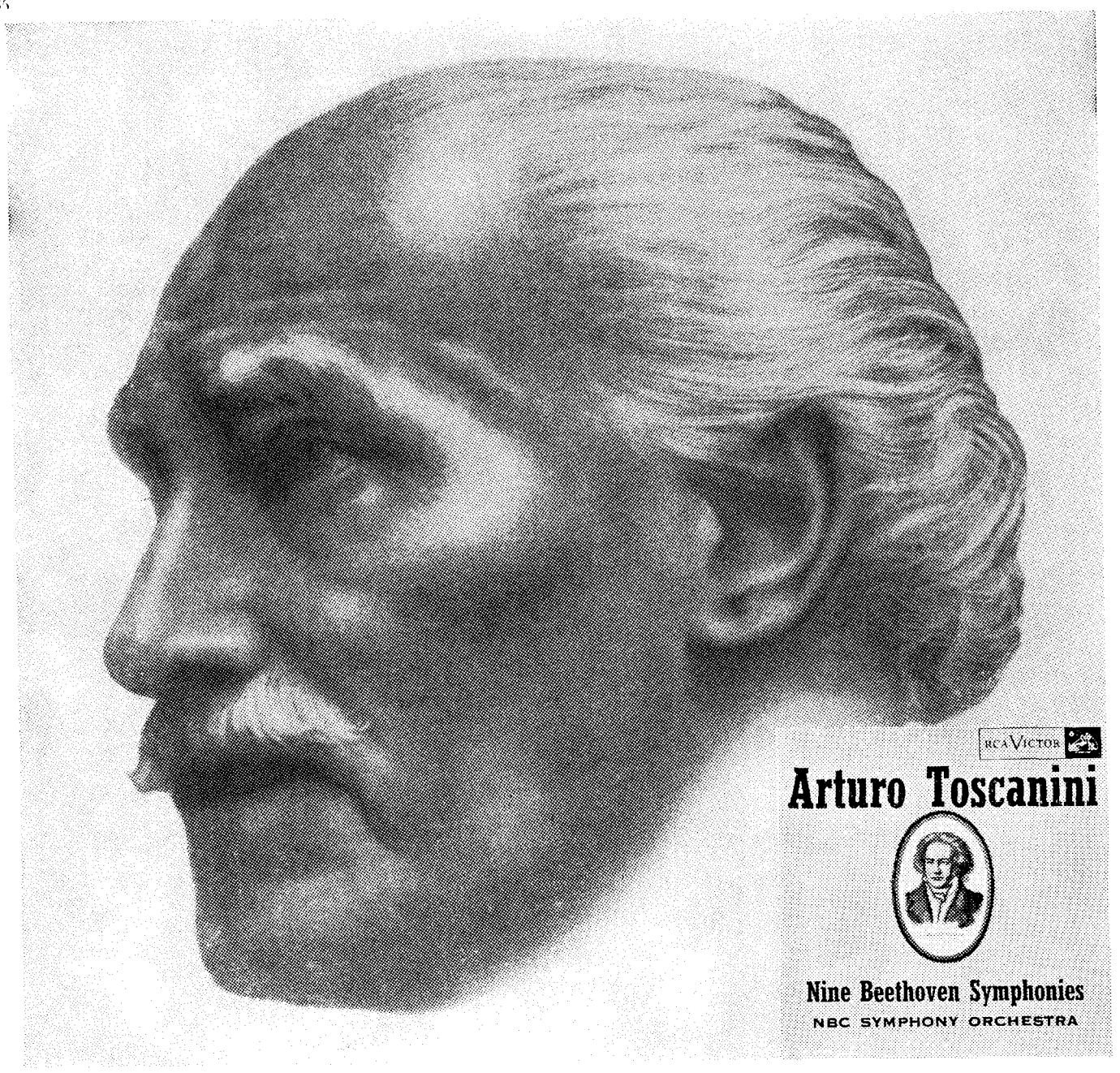

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

APRIL 28, 1956

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Coote, Andrews, and Harrison at work in the Columbia studios.

—*Columbia Records.*

'OORAY FOR 'ENERY 'IGGINS

By IRVING KOLODIN

ABOUT the only cause for complaint with the disc rendering of "My Fair Lady" (Columbia ML 5090, $4.98), the hugely successful adaptation for the musical stage of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" is, paradoxically, that there isn't enough of it. To be sure, the performance so well directed by Franz Allers offers substantially all of the engaging score by Frederick Loewe and most of the highly literate words by Alan Jay Lerner, delivered in inimitable fashion by Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, and Stanley Holloway, but this is still a part of the whole—the hole, of course, being the omitted "text" of GBS.

If this seems lint-picking among the prevailing velvet of this offering, one can only blame Messrs. Harrison and Holloway and Miss Andrews for performing so well that we begrudge the absence of a single line of the original. Perhaps those who have not yet seen the show—and those who *have* must still be numbered in the conservative thousands—will find the record enjoyment enough for the while. Though it is fair to say, hardly the equivalent of the original. But let me warn Columbia that as the numbers mount into the millions there is going to be a growing mutter rising to a resentful roar as time goes by and the mature population of America finds "My Fair Lady" perpetually incomplete. Perhaps on the occasion of a suitable anniversary and before the inevitable replacements set in, Columbia will issue an expanded version on multiple LPs combining the existing tape of the musical performance with a sequence of the scenes as they are acted.

With that happy thought as solace, one can pass on to the matter in hand and proclaim it an affirmation of what has been said, on the musico-lyric side, about "My Fair Lady." The score of Loewe and the lyrics of Lerner pass the test of hearing and rehearing to earn the accolade that goes only to the best: namely, a desire to hear it once again. The rehearing tends to support the thesis that Loewe and Lerner are less trailblazers than path-followers, but they have chosen to follow only the most adventurous among their predecessors—from Gilbert and Sullivan to Rodgers and

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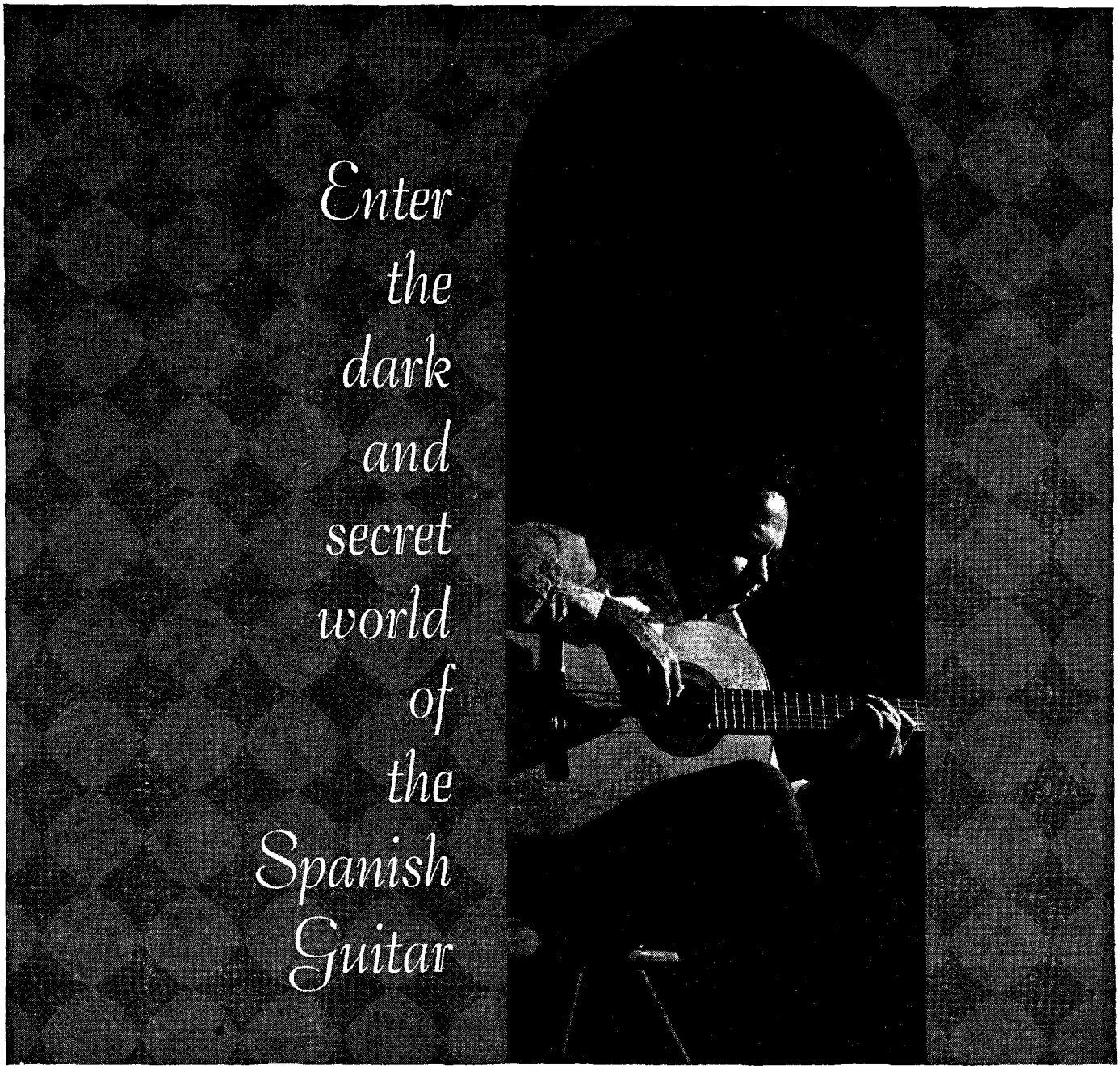

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Hammerstein, not to mention Coward (lyric writer) and Coward (composer)—in a way that brings them out at quite a different destination. They have, in short, so combined the various methods as to produce a new composite.

At the risk of seeming unnecessarily analytic about the whole thing, it may be noted that the trick of leading a slow reflective bit into a faster, *agitato* section has been worked here with excellent success in several different episodes. One is Higgins's "I'm an Ordinary Man," another is Liza Doolittle's "Just You Wait, 'Enery 'Iggins" (brightly scored in the orchestra, incidentally), and another is "A Hymn to Him" in which, after a couple of hearings, one recognizes a reprise of the *agitato* elements in "I'm An Ordinary Man." In these instances, and in several others—notably Holloway's "With a Little Bit of Luck" and "Get Me to the Church on Time," Loewe (ably companioned by his word partner Lerner) has been able to break out of the prison of thirty-two measure refrains into a broader area of a scene, or episode.

It is not, of course, the first time it has been done for the Broadway stage: but you have to invoke such examples as "Show Boat," "Porgy," "Street Scene," "Oklahoma," "South Pacific," and "Kiss Me Kate" to find the parental predecessors, which is a heritage any writers will cherish.

While with the music, it is worth noting that Loewe has not hesitated to utilize a one step here, a tango there, a gavotte elsewhere, an allusion to the Liszt Second Hungarian Rhapsody at another suitable point. These occur mainly in Professor Higgins's patter songs, in the choral ensembles, or where music is used for a dramatic emphasis. On the other hand, the simpler side of Liza Doolittle's nature is aptly reflected in the winsome "Wouldn't It Be Loverly" and "I Want to Dance All Night," as the raucous character of Alfred Doolittle shines through "With a Little Bit of Luck" and "Get Me to the Church on Time."

VERY little of this would mean much, in the present context, had Goddard Lieberson, as recording supervisor, not provided the kind of hospitable intercession that enables the excellent cast to recreate the warmth, intensity, and excitement of the stage production in this purely musical summation. Rex Harrison's Henry Higgins is incisive and sharp-profiled, Holloway's Doolittle is properly rowdyish, and Robert Coote's Pickering suitably refined. But it is Miss Andrews's accomplishment to stand out among all these with the

Julie Andrews—"variety, spirit, and charm."

variety, spirit, and charm of her Liza Doolittle.

It is, after all, she who has to present the illusion of two characters, the before and after, by voice alone. And since it is the essence of Shaw's conception that the transformation from flowergirl to lady be accomplished primarily through the voice, the disc makes the challenge a real one (on the stage, of course, the visual transformation helps out). Miss Andrews does it so well, with a transition so imperceptibly modulated, that when she finally pronounces the magic formula—"The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain"—the succeeding tango in which Higgins and Pickering join seems the only possible outcome. Miss Andrews's delightful soprano voice responds to such a range of different demands, all conspicuously well enunciated, as to make her a living advertisement for the soundness of Professor Higgins's methods.

There is no particular point in cataloguing the specialties allotted the various performers, from Harrison's biting delivery of the opening "Why Can't the English?" to the soft-voiced wistfulness of his closing "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face" (in itself, a summation of the change that has occurred in his character) save to assure the prospective purchaser that it is all there. "All" includes, in addition to the items already noted, the vengeful "Just You Wait, 'Enery 'Iggins, Just You Wait," the invigorating "You Did It," celebrating the Professor's triumph in bringing off Eliza's acceptance at a court reception, the balladish "On the Street Where You Live," sung by Michael King, and Liza's tart rejection of the Professor in the well-rhymed "Without You."

As the adjectives suggest, there is a lot of variety in this score. One or two of the musical ideas fall below the general average, but that average is high enough to convict Loewe of being a man with the rarest thing in the musical theatre today—an artistic impulse. His melodic gestures are not extreme, and he doesn't worry a tune to death with reprises and extensions, but his ideas have character and outline, also a kind of rememberability that others of greater repute might envy. Particularly for those who have the visual impression to fill out the sound patterns, the record recalls as happy an evening in the theatre as anyone could ask.

Considering all the honors that have been lavished on "My Fair Lady" it is a fair assumption that Robert Russell Bennett and Phil Lang have had a suitable share of acclaim for their enlivening orchestrations. If not, it should wait no longer, for Bennett's practised hand has rarely been turned to such useful ends. It is always difficult, in such a relationship, to determine how much has been sketched in by the composer, how many of the touches—such as the amusing allusion to Liszt when the Hungarian speech professor is described at the court reception—have been provided by the orchestrator. Here the issue is further confused by the association of Lang's name with Bennett's.

However, the latter has been working up to this kind of a job for so long that the quality results may be put largely to his credit. Those who admire the precision and finesse of Harrison's delivery of the vocal "line," though he has no singing voice to speak of, should bear in mind that Bennett and/or Lang set up a drily crisp setting for him that eased his task to the extent that he was not overwhelmed with "background." On the other hand, when they are dealing with the vocally competent Andrews or Holloway there is a tasty amount of "filling," including a delightful allusion to British parade-ground music when Liza is dreaming of her revenge on the exacting Professor Higgins or churchly pomp when Doolittle senior is looking forward with foreboding to "Being Married in the Morning." (The latter, I am advised, is largely the work of Lang.)

In any accomplishment so rounded as "My Fair Lady," it is inevitable

(*Continued on page* 47)

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Survival of the Slickest

By ABRAM CHASINS

FEW generalizations are more annoying than sweeping glorifications of the past, as though all excellence and truth had vanished from the earth. When former and present standards of piano-playing are being compared such generalizations are especially irritating, for they usually apply to periods that antedate demonstrable facts. Posterity will not be forced to conjecture about our electronic age: the pianistic facts are now available in recordings.

When Josef Hofmann used to tell me that the emotional intensity of his leonine master, Anton Rubinstein, made every contemporary pianist sound like a pygmy, I really did not believe him. When he described the elemental power, the orchestral storm that raged over the keyboard, the hands crashing down on the ivories as Rubinstein would growl in despair, "It's too small for me. I could use twenty like this!"; when Hofmann further depicted an audience so moved, so lost in the ethereally expressive quiet of Schumann's "Warum?" that it sat hypnotized, forgetting to applaud—I ascribed it to cloudy remembrances of an overimpressionable youth.

All of us have heard and read fantastic tales about Rubinstein's teacher, Liszt. Every account, from enemies and admirers alike, attest to the gaunt and handsome sorcerer whose magical playing, from gossamer grace to demonic force, overwhelmed his hearers, brought them to a delirium of emotional excitement. The verbal history of that heroic era, backed by its creative history, convinces us what a fabulous period it was, and what men it produced. Yet is there any tangible way to gauge its interpreters in comparison to our own? I think there is, and it finally dawned upon me.

The wide disparity which Hofmann cited between his master's qualities and those of his own generation was no figment of his imagination. It existed. And it was symptomatic of changing values now fully revealed to us in the wide disparity between the older pianists of our day and the younger pianists who are everywhere compelled to find new solutions to old problems.

Where is this disparity? There is no decline in the quantity of talent. Technically our best young artists are superbly equipped. Many show superior scholarship, the American musicians particularly. Some even have genius. What they lack is the environment that enriches the spirit, that nourishes greatness of heart. They lack that concept of knowledge and technique as the means for capturing emotional truth, the most permanent force in art.

This is no indictment. It is not even a criticism. I am merely trying to identify the forces around us that have affected our artists. Despite the cliché that history repeats itself, our age is unique. It is unique in complexity and anxiety and competition. It has coerced man to meet its inexorable demands by conditioning him to become an expedient and efficient animal rather than a foresighted and reflective one. Evolution has attained the speed and shock of revolution, bringing its changes at an unprecedented and bewildering pace. There are gains, there are losses. Everyone is affected, the artist no less. Rather more, I would say, for the artist's environment influences not only his physical state but the basic convictions, emotions and ideals at the core of his individuality.

From 1914 on the twentieth century has been a pretty hectic place. Its new generation, not without justification, became convinced that the old fogies and their obsolete ideals were what got us into a mess and that it was up to the young people to clean it up. So an awful lot of things got thrown out and thrown over and good riddance to most of them. But when the whole past became irrelevant it was an evil day for art.

The bankruptcy of romantic ideals was crucially damaging to the cause of piano-playing because most of the great piano literature is romantic, from Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy" through Mozart's and Beethoven's works to Chopin's unparalleled contribution. What pertains to a work of art must pertain to its interpretation. And an artist's interpretations pertain to what he is.

He is, today, whatever else he might be, the most expendable member of our society. It is a tough world for him. It always has been in some way or other. But our world is perhaps hardest because it holds cultural values and artistic standards as anything but immediately useful and far-reaching. The artist's dream is perfection and expressivity. Financial gain is not his goal. Time is not of the essence. Heretofore his success has been measured by what he can give to the world, not what he can get out of it. Can we blame our artists for lacking spiritual and moral and emotional motivation in a society whose heroes are those who get there "fustest with the mostest"? And when the measure of the mostest is far less the extent of a man's vision than the length of his car? Our artists have been demoralized and alienated, their confidence shaken by a generation which regards the frank expression of deep feelings as weakness and views uncompromising ideals with indifference; a generation whose solvents have not been in art or philosophy but in economic graphs and scientific facts.

Make no mistake. In the midst of an economic and scientific boom, we are witnessing a cultural depression. True, man has never before been so all-knowing. But if knowledge is power, how come that man has never been so powerless to manage or to manipulate the world around him? Even our intellectual world is waging a cold war between isolated humanists and superbly equipped technicians and theorists who pride themselves on their emancipation from sentiment. Only an esthetic Superman could resist a mechanized and materialistic climate so incompatible with cultural ideals.

As for meeting the basic and ever-rising obligations to the grocer and the landlord, our larger pay-checks have no more applied to the concert artist than our high standard of living has applied to our inner life. Except for a few celebrated pianists, all around sixty or over and whose careers were molded in a former era, I know of few others who can support themselves or their families by playing concerts. This, despite the complete commercialization of the concert world. It is a heartbreaking profession, with rewards at an all-time low on every level.

MOST concert pianists teach, not only to supplement income but because teaching has always been an enriching artistic obligation. But what chances are there in this world to create the atmosphere that enkindles the spirit and imagination of both teacher and student? Our way of life makes it equally difficult for both master and pupil to indulge in the spontaneous adventures of reflective discussion, of

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digressions from the music at hand to other music, to literature or painting or reminiscence in pursuit of first principles. An indifference to the clock is a prohibitive luxury. There is little room in the crowded corridors of our precipitous existence for a teacher, no matter how dedicated, to exert a genuine influence on the student's life, to develop his love for learning, to animate his desire to expand and control and express his full powers.

The poetic age in which visionaries flourished was hardly a tranquil one. But side by side with its luxuriant activities were opportunities for leisurely reflection and informal exchanges of ideas—large ideas, dealing with the nature and destiny of mankind and art. Liszt's susceptive nature reaped a lavish harvest of association with the greatest artists of his time, from Balzac to Wagner. Literature, poetry, religion, every human, intellectual, and esthetic issue engaged Liszt's mighty heart and meditative mind. It was this abundance that enabled the phenomenal technical wizard of pianism to say, "Technical perfection has no special merit. It is nothing more than the artist's accursed duty." It was an artistic aristocrat, strong in conscious ideals and fully equal to life who, when greeted by a ruler with, "How's business, M. Liszt?" replied, "I am not in business, Sire. I am in art."

Liszt's courage, his enthusiasm, his freedom from everything prosaic or petty were the secrets of his triumph and his fascination. His influence was felt no less by creators such as Wagner and Chopin than by an entire generation of great pianists most of whom, as Bülow, Tausig, and Anton Rubinstein, studied with Liszt. All caught fire from the stupendous man who gave himself wholly, being what he was and being the product of that period.

Today's artist is on a treadmill, the same treadmill as the television service man who one morning charged $6.50 for a ten-minute visit which produced his expert opinion that his client needed a new set. The music student has to arrange his life on the basis of a large amount of time devoted to a part-time or full-time job, the rest to his art and a few occasional hours of escape from the relentless schedule. The sheer business of keeping afloat in our economy makes it all but impossible to live the life a musician should lead, that any intellectual worker must lead.

It is a bitter fact to ask the artist to face, for his loftiest aims are frustrated by circumstances beyond his control. He remains, with few exceptions, in a frozen fee-bracket. He works from season to season, never knowing whether he will have four concerts or forty. Or none. This is the era of and for industrial workers, of and for those who make our gadgets and those who keep them functioning. The artist lives on his knees, challenged, indeed goaded, to die on his feet.

PLEASE do not mention the astronomical sums paid to Las Vegas entertainers and television luminaries. We are talking about artists generally and concert pianists specifically, those misfits in a period of the survival of the slickest, who cling to ambitions to attain and maintain highest artistic standards. History has always cheerfully seen the artist on the bottom rung of the economic ladder. But formerly it provided him with psychological compensation in the tacit recognition that art is the calling that shows man at his noblest ability to turn chaos into order and meaningless experience into significance. Today all but a small stalwart group have to be reminded that art is the symbol of a civilization, have to be awakened to the realization that ours could be the greatest civilization of all and in every way.

Not our civilization as it is, but the one we are somehow going to build. It is a dream waiting to be materialized. It is a concept of peace, productivity, and human dignity in terms of men proud and free to contribute what they have uniquely to contribute, even to search for abiding values. At present, our emphasis on figures and facts, our naive trust in action above reflection, our resistance to depth of feeling have discouraged our artists and diminished their potency.

It is self-evident that the history of music exists in individual works of art. It is less evident but equally valid that the life of music exists in performance. As the creative and interpretative past fades into time, current activity assumes primary importance. Each threat to it is a threat to our artistic resources. An environment which compels an artist to do less than his best work or even other work in order to exist, threatens his pride in achievement and destroys his spiritual and emotional fibre. It makes him substitute the immediate for the absolute, cynicism for faith. He is not the only loser. We are all in this thing together. We all pay a price. And so does our nation when its artists lose faith, lose the very reasons for faith.

Often, in an analysis of what we lack and what is disheartening, we make the mistake of failing to see what we have and what is hopeful. I am no prophet of doom. I know that we have the largest potential audiences for great music in history. I am convinced that we have many artists capable of the highest achievements. Ways must be found to stimulate their confidence and courage, to assure them that we need and want the most vital and meaningful work they can do; ways found to deter them from abandoning their hopes and standards through doubt and debt; from temptations to seek in their disillusion the immediate rather than the true.

Meanwhile, God and television willing, the electrician, the butcher, the baker, and the candelabra-maker are already on their way to doing what economic royalists eventually do. They are getting a taste for better things and some of those things are cultural. Their children are maturing and may well demand the more enduring and satisfying pleasures. The day is coming when the mass of our people will value not only the ability to acquire wealth and accumulate facts but also the artist's adherence to eternal verities and his moral responsibility toward his God-given gifts.

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MURPHISM ON LP

By FRED GRUNFELD

FROM all accounts the nation is again taking to the couches, and for once neither psychoanalysis nor Dr. Kinsey can be held responsible. Such is the impact of Morey Bernstein's best-seller, "The Search for Bridey Murphy," that eager soul-searchers the country over are straining, horizontally, for glimpses of former incarnations, probing their prenatal pasts, striving to remember the names of bygone groceries. Bernstein, though he claims no occult powers, appears to have anticipated an urgent need for some new public preoccupation. With movies being no better than ever and television running its accustomed course, the public was primed for the uncorking of an elixir as potent and heady as Bernstein's mixture of hypnotism and reincarnation. Had not Charlie Chaplin, fulfilling the artist's prophetic role, called the turn a few years ago when he sang in "Limelight": "When I was three my nurse told me/ about reincarnation/ and ever since/ I've been convinced/ thrilled with anticipation . . . ?" (It was this same Chaplin who wrestled so significantly with a Murphy bed in another film; that should not be dismissed as mere coincidence.)

In its painstaking description of the methods employed in the search for Bridey Murphy, Bernstein's volume supplies much how-to-do-it information for anyone with the urge to turn back the astral clock. Although the author refrains from encouraging his readers to imitate him, few have been able to resist the temptation. And by issuing a "Murphy" LP in conjunction with the book (as the first of a series of **Research Recordings** [No. X] "dedicated to exploring the mysteries of the mind"), he has provided further instruction on how to proceed in such experiments. The record itself "proves" nothing; it covers only part of the hypnotic session in which Ruth Simmons, the Pueblo, Colorado, housewife, first recalled her life as a colleen in nineteenth-century Cork and Belfast. A transcript of these questions and answers appears in the book. Bernstein is heard putting his subject through the preliminary age regression in which she remembers her experiences in "Kinder. . .garten." Then, prodded to let her mind go "back, back, back, and back until it picks up a scene, until, oddly enough, you find yourself in some other scene, in some other place, in some other time," she responds with her now-celebrated Murphy revelations.

The tape was made by an amateur on home equipment, so most of this emerges, as one might expect, in deplorable fi. But even Gian-Carlo Menotti, in his brushes with the spirit world, has produced nothing quite so eerie as this. What absorbs most is the contrast: Bernstein's suave, insistent questioning in the authoritative tone of a modern business executive set against Bridey's gasping, agonized, wheezing replies. Occasionally the detached, professional voice of an announcer intrudes to explain the various stages of the experiment.

Drama is implicit in this recording. Essentially it asks the question: can a young girl from a small Western mining town recall past happiness as the wife of one of Belfast's barristers? One only wishes Bridey had been a person of more account, and that she were even slightly articulate on questions of her day. But we may soon hear from other, more colorful, and more important individuals. The record industry being what it is—and Bridey's disc has already outsold some of Toscanini's—it may in the near future be swept up in a wave of competing Searches. Gradually LP's may turn up "The Search for Abner Doubleday," supposed inventor of baseball; "The Search for Generals Burnside and Hooker"; "The Search for Louisa May Alcott"; "The Search for Carl von Dittersdorf", and so forth. These, in time, will be outdone by deluxe multi-record anthologies. "They Were There" will probably offer Great Moments in History with Henry the Fowler, Cardinal Richelieu, Christopher Columbus, the Empress Josephine, Benjamin Disraeli, and Arnold Schiefbrucker, the man who delivered the Ems Dispatch. But the best-seller destined to top them all will be the first record to take its hypnotized subject—as Bernstein declined to do, for fear of upsetting Bridey's mental applecart—into "The Search for Tomorrow!" (You Can Hear It Today).

AS Murphism gathers momentum, the Bernstein pattern will surely prove itself capable of more exciting application. A sample dialogue:

Hypnotist: Now go back, further and further back. When you talk to me again you'll find yourself back in some other place, in some other lifetime. You're in some other situation. Tell me about it, tell me all about it.

Subject: I'm walking down the street, walking along Talbot Place and turning right toward James Rourke's city bakery, led on by the goodly smells of the fresh-baked daily bread, the most indispensable of our commodities.

H: Do you know where you are? Do you know the town? *Connais-tu le pays?*

S: I'm in Ireland. . . in Dublin.

H: Gives us some details we can check . . . something to go on.

S: Easy. I'm reading the *Freeman's Journal,* the *Northern Whig,* the *Cork Examiner,* the *Kilkenny People,* and the *Enniscorthy Guardian,* all dated 1903.

H: Now concentrate. Is there anyone with you in your situation . . . Can you identify anyone for us?

S: I'm in a crowd. I can make out John Henry Menton, Wisdom Hely, V. B. Dillon, Councillor Nannetti, Larry O'Rourke, Joe Cuffe, Mrs. O'Dowd, Mrs. Riordan, Bartell d'Arcy, Mrs. Joe Gallaher, George Lidwell, Jimmy Henry on corns, Superintendent Laracy, John Wyse Nolan, Gerald and Stanislaus Moran of Roebuck, Michael E. Geraghty, The Citizen, Whatdoyoucallhim, Strangeface, Fellowthatslike, Sawhimbefore, Miss Dubedatandshedidbeda . . .

Hypnotist (seized by a sudden and terrible suspicion): And do you know your name . . . what's your name?

Subject (somewhat apologetically): Leopold Bloom.

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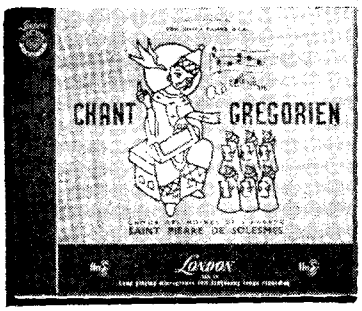

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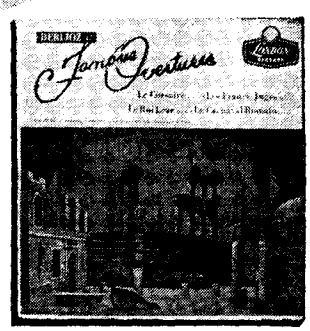

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Recordings in Review

The Major Bartok

BARTOK: *Concerto for Orchestra. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM-1934, $3.98.

WHAT WOULD A musicologist of today give for recordings of the early performances of the Beethoven symphonies by the composer himself, Habaneck, Mendelssohn, Wagner, and others of his contemporaries and immediate successors? Certainly it would clarify much about the manner in which a general conception of a piece evolves—what, in the rounded view, is the agreement about the "way it goes."

Bartok, to be sure, is not Beethoven, but for the while he will have to suffice. Of his literature, the current Concerto for Orchestra is one of the most widely played pieces, with as good a cause as any for being considered typical. It is available in recorded versions by Ormandy, Karajan, Dorati, Van Beinum, and now for the second time by Reiner. In fact, the current one by the Chicago Symphony for RCA appears as the previous one—among the earliest LPs—with the Pittsburgh Symphony is announced for withdrawal from the Columbia list (ML 4102).

There is little question that on his second opportunity Reiner adds more than a little to an appreciation for the content of this engrossing score. Moreover, it is less in the area of effect than of sentiment. In other words, what was originally dazzling in orchestral impact remains more or less as it was. What comes into ever-increasing prominence is its expressive content, which Reiner here projects to greater consequence than in any previous recording. Some of this may be attributable to a technical response of sharpness and imposing dynamic differentiation, but even more to the power of the conductor's conception and its delivery by his now outstandingly responsive ensemble.

Harmonious Hindemith

HINDEMITH: *"Mathis der Maler" and "Symphonic Dances." Paul Hindemith conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* Decca DL-9818, $3.98.

WRONGLY OR NOT, the music of Hindemith—taken *en masse*—has always connoted something strident and thick-textured to me. How wrong this concept of him (or his treatment by the conductors who have created this mental image) is comes as a rather absorbing revelation of this self-directed disc of two thoroughly representative works. Rather than being "strident" or "thick-textured," there is an almost wilful disposition to firmly centered string, woodwind, and brass sound, and the texture throughout is remarkably transparent.

This recalls, of course, that Stravinsky (who has done considerably more recording than Hindemith and whose ideas on the subject are relatively better known) has also preferred a dryer, vibrationless, vibratoless quality than is imparted to his music by others. Indeed, even the best known of his performers—from Ansermet to Bernstein to Markevitch—reputedly do not enjoy his favor as accurate transmitters of his intentions.

Whether Hindemith will be any more successful than Stravinsky in persuading other conductors to hear this music as he does is questionable. But in the meantime this is an absorbing pair of performances, full of unexpected lights and shades, rhythmically propulsive and tightly organized. "Mathis der Maler" has been previously performed for LP by Ormandy and Cantelli (and processed from a prewar performance with the same Berlin Philharmonic and the composer conducting), but this strikes me as superior to both. The "Symphonic Dances" is a work of 1937 which is in effect a symphony rather than a suite. It has much to offer that is rewarding, especially as the Deutsche Grammophon recording shows that it need defer to none where high-quality sound-processing is concerned.

Illusion in Reverse

BACH: *Suites No. 2 (D minor) and 5 (C minor), etc. Mstislav Rostropovich, cello.* Vanguard VRS 6026, $4.98.

THE SLIGHTLY beglamoured sound given o some recent newcomers from abroad through their recordings (but dissipated when heard live) made one wonder, in listening to this recording, whether Rostropovich—who has already been heard here—sounds better on discs than he did in Carnegie Hall. The summation is, that from whatever medium gathered the impression of the Soviet visitor remains constant: namely, that he is cellist of good but not exceptional technical qualifications, with a tone that is particularly solid at the bottom, and musical inclinations that range from sober to severe and back again.

Rostropovich—"good but not exceptional."

It is absorbing to notice, for example, that in the same kind of string crossing in the upper positions where his pitch went astray in his playing of the D major suite "live," he has trouble with the layout of the D minor suite on this disc. Likewise, his double stopping is a fraction (but a discernible one) off center more often than not. And rather than making a climax by intensifying his tonal output, Rostropovich has the interesting habit of playing suddenly *subito,* by contrast with which what follows sounds louder than it is.

Whether Rostropovich avoids "virtuoso" effects because of choice or because he is not quite capable of them, the fact is that his playing lacks incisiveness and rhythmic zest, dash, or esprit. It all proceeds at pretty much the same level of high competence, but nothing more. Each side contains, in addition to a suite, one short piece: a rather odd arrangement of the air from the orchestral suite in D with a cello "lead" (N. Anosov conducting) and the adagio from the "Toccata, adagio, and fugue in C" with Vladimir Yampolsky at the piano. This is about the most "artistic" showing of Rostropovich, but a far cry from the standard of the best predecessors. The recording is passable, but not to the advantage of the performer, certainly.

London Pride

PROKOFIEV: *"Lt. Kije," "Love of Three Oranges" suites. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the Paris Conservatory and London Philharmonic Orchestras.* London LL 1294, $3.98.

PERHAPS TO CELEBRATE its new affiliation with the proud banner of RCA Victor,

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London has offered, without ostentation or fanfare, what is unquestionably one of the best sounding records of the year. It is noteworthy even by the high standards that prevail with this company, and since done on both sides of the channel it would seem to suggest some general improvement in technic rather than a trickery practised in a particular locale.

It has, gratefully, to do with sheen rather than shine, with detail rather than mass, and with a refinement of effect rather than a gross displacement of decibels. Of course, both of these works lend themselves to effective registration (a characteristic of Russian music whether by Borodin, Rimsky, or Stravinsky) but, even allowing for the phonogenic quality of what is being reproduced, the way it is done is outstanding.

As a conductor of Prokofiev, with whom he has no particularly identity, Boult is much as Boult is as a conductor of most other things: not as good as the very best, but much better than the average. His climaxes do not chill the spine, but he does generate a pleasant tingle now and then. Nothing exhilarates by its abandon or fervor, but nothing offends, either, by its exaggeration or distortion. Like the recording itself, his performances are more imposing as a well-defined whole than as a sum of exceptional parts.

Beethoven by Arrau

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 4 in G. Claudio Arrau, piano, with the Philharmonica Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera.* Angel 35300, $4.98.

FOR THOSE who have not yet found a thoroughly satisfactory version of this work for their taste (the available interpreters already include Backhaus, Badura-Skoda, Casadesus, Curzon, Gieseking, Kempff, Novaes. Rubinstein, Schnabel, Serkin, and Solomon), this new one of Arrau can be commended as excellent in its style. Particularly if you are partial to the view that the G major is a special instance among Beethoven's middle period (or later) works in which finesse is more critical an element than power, or a poetic impulse more relevant than dramatic flair.

Arrau begins the first movement quietly and builds it to an ever-more imposing high point in the several rising peaks of expression. He keeps his dynamics very well under control throughout, so that the degree of emphasis appropriate for a climax is, nevertheless, within the compass of Beethoven's kind of piano-writing here. This scheme is, obviously, the outcome of long attention to the problems the work poses, and yet it is not conveyed in a mechanical or unduly measured way.

It is worth noting, also, that Galliera provides an orchestral background wholly in keeping with the pianist's conception of the work. Doubtless there are some who will consider it all too effete, but in the frame of the work as a whole it makes very good musical sense. Both the slow movement and the finale are in harmony with the conception of the first movement, Arrau's attention to the cadenzas (Beethoven's own) thoughtful. The "stringy" sound of the piano and the excellent values in the orchestral reproduction are all contributive to a superior accomplishment.

The "New" Complete

HAYDN: *"London" Symphonies. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* Westminster WN 6601, $29.88.

RESPIGHI: *"Ancient Airs and Dances for the Lute" (Suites Nos. 1, 2, and 3), "Gli Ucceli," ("The Birds"), "Botticelli Triptych." Franz Litschauer conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* Vanguard VRS 466-7, $11.90.

MINDFUL, NO DOUBT, of the rows on rows of single discs that confront a customer browsing in a record shop, some enterprising manufacturers have taken to gathering together related releases to form what is universally described in this country as "a package." It is, in a way, complementary to the hard labor sometimes imposed on members of a chain gang, except instead of making small ones out of big ones they are making big ones out of small ones.

Here are two typical instances, in one instance glorifying the industry and impulse of Hermann Scherchen as being the first conductor to record the twelve "Salomon" symphonies of Haydn (strictly speaking, a more accurate description of the contents than the title given to them) in the other, acknowledging the awareness on the part of Litschauer that there are other works by Respighi than the "Roman" tone poems. That the orchestra in both instances is the Vienna State Opera Orchestra is an interesting coincidence that otherwise has nothing to do with the case.

—Arnold Newman.

Arrau—"very good musical sense."

As all the contents have appeared individually, there comes the baffling problem for the purchaser who already has part of the issue, but fancies the rest, especially in the two attractive packages. Can he, like a man with last year's model Jaguar, trade it in for partial payment on the new model or is he forced to start from scratch? It would seem to me a form of consumer good will for the manufacturers who make a practice of this kind of eventual, but not immediate, "complete" to have a thought for the fellow who has helped bring it about. Perhaps it could take the form, at least, of offering the *container* by itself, at a nominal price, for the buyer who wants to give his records the housing they deserve, and add the dics to make his collection complete.

In the case of Haydn, he would get a handsome, silver-striped album containing six non-removable glassine-lined pockets, plus an informative essay on this group of symphonies by Karl Geiringer. There are also brief comments on each individual work. The Vanguard container is of a light bluish moire order, stamped in gold with the composer's name, titles of the works, and "Homage to the Past" as an inclusive title. It also has three pages of varicolored rough stock, in which a good sampling of relevant art work is accompanied by a commentary by Abraham Veinus. The pockets are less elegant: glassine, but detachable.

However, the two Litschauer discs are of more recent origin, and generally speaking of slightly better, as well as more uniform, reproductive quality. Checking back to my evaluation of Scherchen's work in the Knopf "Guide to Long-Playing Records" (Orchestral Music), I find that as of a year ago he excelled competition (where there was any) in nine of the twelve. Since there have been few consequential additions to the Haydn catalogue in the intervening time, this would suggest a comfortable margin of superiority, still. Moreover, there is virtue in a rounded view of this masterful segment of the orchestral literature, and that Scherchen certainly provides. I would say that Westminster has "mastered" this set afresh, and bettered, as well as unified, the previous excellent standard. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Balakirev: "Thamar," "Russia," "Islamey." Lovro von Matacic conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35291, $4.98.	All the material is absorbing, the reproduction of the playing first class. Matacic has a good sympathy for the idiom but he doesn't demonstrate the kind of virtuoso impulse to get the most out of a work like "Islamey" (in the Casella transcription). I prefer the Fistoulari treatment of "Thamar" on M-G-M.
Beethoven: Concerto in C minor, opus 37. Ventsislav Yankoff, piano, with the Nordwestdeutsch Radio Symphony conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. Capitol P 18002, $3.98.	Fleet, sure-fingered performance by Yankoff, a young pianist of Bulgarian birth and a recent winner of the Marguerite Long-Jacques Thibaud competition. His identity with a sure Beethoven style is far from complete, but the sheer sound of the playing is gratifying to hear. Schmidt-Isserstedt and the orchestra are sometimes disserved by the balance, in which the piano is over-favored.
Brahms: Concerto in A minor. Leonard Rose, cello, Isaac Stern, violin, with Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 5076, $3.98.	A performance highly creditable to all concerned and, for the while anyway, the best sounding on LP. Some of Rose's swells are a little ample for my taste, and I do not feel a complete mutuality in the soloists' approach to their task. The slow movement is especially well favored, however, due as much to Walter's compelling leadership as to anything else. The associated versions of the "Tragic" overture and "Haydn" variations are those previously circulated in the edition of Brahms's complete orchestral works directed by Walter. Very good sound.
Debussy: "Petite Suite," "Children's Corner" excerpts. Felix Slatkin conducting the Concert Arts Orchestra. Capitol P 8230, $3.98.	Both of these are works known almost exclusively from recordings, and as neither are orchestrated by the composer (Henri Büsser and André Caplet are responsible) faults actually in the scoring might be attributed to the processing. Slatkin, it seems to me, makes as much effect with them as is reasonably possible, also delivering a substantial musical content without overstressing the values involved. Excellent balance and definition are welcome attributes of the recording, lack of resonance and ring a decided drawback.
Delibes: "Sylvia" and "Coppélia" excerpts. Pierre-Michel le Conte conducting the orchestra of the Paris Opera. Capitol P 18001, $3.98.	There is perhaps a larger output of decibels from this disc than from the previous issues directed by Désormiere and Lambert, but no comparable virtues otherwise. The orchestra hardly honors the name it bears, the quality of the principal soloists in particular being inferior. Le Conte applies himself with energy to his task, but he is no balletic stylist. Acceptable reproduction.
Handel: Concerti Grossi, opus 3. Boyd Neel conducting the Boyd Neel orchestra. London LL 1130. $3.98.	Generally speaking, the musical values here are not as commanding as in the better known Op. 6, which leaves, still, a considerable margin for excellence. Neel's methods are well-known, the results here of typical thoroughness. Nevertheless, I would nominate it as more for the Handel enthusiast than for the music lover generally. Superior sound.
Ibert: "Escales," "Amours de Jupiter." The composer conducting the orchestra of the Paris Opera. Capitol P 18004, $3.98.	Ibert conducts what is perhaps his best-known score ("Escales") with verve and profitable attention to the coloristic detail it contains. It is also well-reproduced. However, the longer "Amours de Jupiter" is only intermittently interesting, the involutions of the ballet script resulting in a good deal of "action" music that is of limited listening appeal.
Mendelssohn: "Ruy Blas," "Hebrides" Overtures. Schubert: "Rosamunde." Weber: "Oberon," "Freischuetz" and "Euryanthe" overtures. Jonel Perlea conducting the Bamberg Symphony. Vox PL 9590, $4.98.	Soundly conceived, well executed performances, with especially good results in the Mendelssohn overtures in which Perlea's feeling for line and phrase are advantageous. The Schubert is also ably conducted, though a lack of tonal charm diminishes the appeal of the playing. This is even more pronounced in the Weber overtures, whose rating as orchestral show pieces is not sustained by what the Bambergers have to show. In these, too, Perlea's thoroughgoing but rather placid musical personality leaves something to be desired.
Paganini: Concerto in D. Sibelius: Concerto in D minor. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, the first with Anatole Fistoulari and the London Symphony, the second with Sir Adrian Boult and the London Philharmonic. RCA Victor LM 1946, $3.98.	Menuhin's affection for the broad range of repertory for his instrument (Wieniawski as well as Bach, Paganini as well as Bartók) gives solidity as well as brilliance to his playing of this sportive score. Fistoulari provides an accompaniment in the same vein, and the recording is very good. The Sibelius is another matter, however. It is an eloquent, muscular effort, in which Menuhin's tone sometimes sounds strained. Moreover, the microphone arrangement puts both the soloist and the orchestra rather further off in the distance than is aurally advantageous.
Rossini: Five overtures. Pierino Gamba conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL 1366. $3.98.	By the evidence of the photo on the sleeve, the erstwhile baton prodigy is now a maturing young man who handles the technical requirements of these works ("Siege of Corinth," "Tancredi," "Signor Bruschino," "William Tell," and "Cenerentola") cleanly and with sound knowledge of the style. Not much evidence, yet, however, of the sharply defined rhythmic and dynamic values that the master hands of Toscanini, Beecham, Serafin, Van Beinum, etc., have found in these works. A good sample of a promising man's developing talents, nevertheless. Excellent sound.
Sibelius: Concerto in D minor. Camilla Wicks, violin, with the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Stockholm, Sixten Ehrling conducting. Capitol P 8237, $3.98. Thomas Magyar, violin, with Willem Van Otterloo conducting the Hague Philharmonic. Epic LC 3184, $3.98.	Both performances are to varying degrees creditable to the performers involved, though Miss Wicks lacks the strong kind of sound necessary to compete with the Sibelius orchestra, and Magyar roughs up his considerably in the same unequal competition. The second side of the Scandinavian disc provides good but hardly outstanding versions of "The Swan of Tuonela" and "The Return of Lemminkainen." Magyar's companion piece is the Glazounoff concerto of which there are better versions. The Epic sound is of typical excellence.
Wagner: "Parsifal" excerpts. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5080, $3.98.	The emphasis here tends to a glorification of the orchestra rather than the content of what it is playing, though the result verges on the intoxicating, nevertheless. In the sobering effects of the hangover, one tends to wish for a little less glamour and a little more glow than Ormandy provides. Superb reproduction throughout. —Irving Kolodin.

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'Enery 'Iggins

Continued from page 39

that a discussion return to the point of beginning, namely the verbal wit and elfin fantasy of George Bernard Shaw. Not the least of the ingratiating elements of "My Fair Lady" is Al Hirshfeld's inspired cover drawing showing a bemused GBS floating on the clouds of immortality, pulling the strings on Harrison-Higgins and Andrews-Doolittle. It is not only attractive fantasy, but has the further practical suggestion that "My Fair Lady" is but the beginning of a stream of works in which Shaw's lively sense of the sardonic and the satiric may be related, musically, to the underlying sentiment they contain. "Man and Superman" has a ready made musical framework, not to mention "Candida," and "Caesar and Cleopatra." After all, Shaw was a music critic before he was a dramatist: could there be a better recommendation?

Reverting to the consideration of the present project, there is a happy tribute to be paid to those who have been charged with the mechanical responsibilities of the recording as such. Fortunately, they have put the emphasis where it should be, on what is being done rather than how. In other words, the sound is consistently well-defined without being self-consciously hi-fi. Happily too, all the telling touches of instrumental color and comment provided by Bennett, and skilfully underlined by conductor Allers, are artfully brought to the ear in this transcription. If all this suggests a calm advice to acquire "My Fair Lady" as soon as possible, I can only recall Shaw's own words: "I had as soon wear another man's hat as take his advice." This time, however, the hat is his and it fits.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albéniz: "Songs of Spain," Lecuona: "Andalucia." Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol P 8319, $3.98.	The pianist's attraction to this material is understandable, for it is apt for his fingers and full of listener appeal. However, as on other occasions with Pennario, I don't hear any communication from beyond the fingers. The kind of tone or warmth of feeling wanted in pieces bearing such titles as "Under the Palm Trees" or "Gitanerias" is mostly absent. Good piano reproduction.
Bach: Fifteen Two-Part Inventions. Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. Concerto in D minor. The same, with orchestra conducted by Eugene Bigot. RCA Victor LM 1974, $3.98.	Attention to these works on this artistic level has long been wanting, and it is gratifying to hear pieces usually employed for "teaching purposes" projected with so much tonal and emotional resource. The companion issue is a much admired one of 1938, somewhat vivified by contemporary sound technics, but still short of tonal clarity. However, the concentrated attention it requires is amply repaid.
Brahms: Eight Hungarian Dances; Schubert: F minor Fantasy. Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel, piano four hands. Epic LC 3183, $3.98.	Thoroughgoing is as suitable a word as any other for these performances which suffer, slightly, from a lack of color contrast in sound, an alleviating lightness of touch. The works of Brahms (played in the form in which they were originally written) are the following: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, 12, 13 and 17. The Schubert, of course, is probably his best work in this idom.
Fauré: Sonatas No. 1 and 2. Zino Francescatti, violin, and Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia ML 5049, $3.98.	It is always a pleasure to hear a partnership so evenly balanced in quality, so complementary in impulse as this one of Francescatti and Casadesus. When the literature, too, is as sympathetic to them as these works of Fauré, one can only sit back and enjoy the results. In its melodic aspects, the resemblances to the better-known Franck sonata are apt to occur to anyone listening to the Fauré in the same key of A major (No. 1). It is well to know that it predated the work of the Belgian by a full ten years. Both works are splendidly realized in the reproduction.
Fauré: Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2. Monique Fallot, cello, and Guy Fallot, piano. London DTL 93050, $4.98.	Much of the praise in the foregoing is also merited here, though the Fallots (not otherwise identified) are no such celebrities as Francescatti and Casadesus. She, however, produces an admirably robust sound from her instrument, and he is a sensitive collaborator at the piano. The two works are both from the latter part of his career (he was 77 when he wrote the first and 82 when he wrote the second), but there is fervor and songfulness in both, also the expectable finesse in compositional detail. The sound suggests that Ducretet-Thomson, who did the recording in France, are coming along in the art.
Frescobaldi: Toccata, "Partite 12 sopra L'Aria di Ruggiero," etc. Scarlatti: Five sonatas. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord. Capitol P 8336, $3.98.	Both in her choice of the uncommon literature and her cultivated delivery of it, Miss Marlowe shows the kind of artistic purpose that have given her an outstanding position among contemporary harpsichordists. For my taste there is greater interest in the varied and attractive Frescobaldi literature than in the Scarlatti. The latter though not from the too-familiar areas of his literature (the Longo numbers are 205, 423, 429, 449, 461 and 488) are in the "mixture as before" category. For another thing, the deep twangy sound of her instrument is more suited to the Frescobaldi, which is also well reproduced.
Granados: Goyescas, Part 2. Mompou: "Impresiones Intimas," Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Decca DL 9815, $3.98.	The pianist's playing of the concluding selections of the "Goyescas" sequence (Part I may be found on DL 9779) is characteristically ingratiating, a word which also applies to her treatment of the likeable works of Mompou. Dating from 1911, they hardly have the individuality he later developed, though "La Barca" is a charming work, delightfully fresh in its harmonic quality, likewise "Cuna" (cradle). Both sides are blemished by a piano that does not come up to expectable standard for recording purposes.
Mendelssohn: Sonata No. 2 in D, etc. Emanuel Feuermann, cello, with Franz Rupp, piano. Camden CAL 292, $1.98.	This revival from the archives confirms a long standing rumor that there was an unreleased Feuermann recording of Mendelssohn. The performance is in the late artist's most memorable manner, the partnership with Rupp of their customary quality. The sound leaves something lacking in suavity and definition, but admirers of fine cello playing are not apt to complain. With it are similarly skillful versions of Beethoven's variations on "Bei männern" (Magic Flute"), "Après un rêve," Canteloube's "Bourrée Auvergnate," a Handel "Adagio and Allegro" (Feuermann's own transcription from the G minor organ concerto), the Chopin "Polonaise Brillante," and Carl Davidoff's "At the Fountain." Decidedly worth the price.
Prokofiev: Sonata in D, opus 94, K. Khatchaturian: Sonata opus 1. David Oistrakh, violin, with Vladimir Yampolsky, piano. Angel 35306, $4.98.	Two of the best examples of records of Oistrakh's art, of which the Prokofiev is familiar through the efforts of Milstein, Stern, Ricci, and Szigeti. His treatment, need defer to none of these, and is in some violinistic ways superior to any. The K. before Khatchaturian is no misprint, rather an identification of the well-known Aram's younger cousin Karen, whose introduction to world fame begins with this work. A product of his student years, it has a strong strain of lyric feeling, without the kind of machine-made stridency that disfigures the works of Kabalevsky, Krennikhov, and some of those by the other Khatchaturian. Here is a talent of consequence. Oistrakh plays it with loving care and a deep artistic devotion. Fine sound.
Ravel: Sonata, "Tzigane," "Kaddisch," "Pièce en forme de Habanera," "Berceuse." Zino Francescatti, violin, with Artur Balsam, piano. Columbia ML 5058, $3.98.	Another masterful accomplishment to the credit of Francescatti (see Fauré above), especially in lending interest to the none-too-endearing charms of the Sonata. However the succession of shorter pieces on side II is unremittingly rewarding, with the "Pièce en forme de Habenera" a notable instance of string performance. Balsam is in proper perspective throughout, the recording excellent.
Strauss: "Four Last Songs." Christl Goltz, soprano, with the Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna, Heinrich Hollreiser conducting. Metamorphosen. Bamberg Symphony, Hollreiser conducting. VOX 9400, $4.98.	Had not Elisabeth Schwarkopf (Angel) and Lisa della Casa (London) set such a high standard of vocal and artistic accomplishment in their performances of these songs, the performances of Goltz might strike one as more impressive. She has all the intensity wanted, but the vocal quality is sometimes strained. The overside version of "Metamorphosen" grows on one with repeated hearings, though the aural space behind the string sound tends to blur the outline of the intricate scoring. —I. K.

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Folk-Music East

"Folk Dances and Songs from Poland." Mazowsze Choir and Orchestras of Warsaw. (Colosseum CRLP 164) $3.98.

"Music of Bulgaria." Soloists, chorus and orchestra conducted by Phillipe Koutev. (ANG 64026) $3.98.

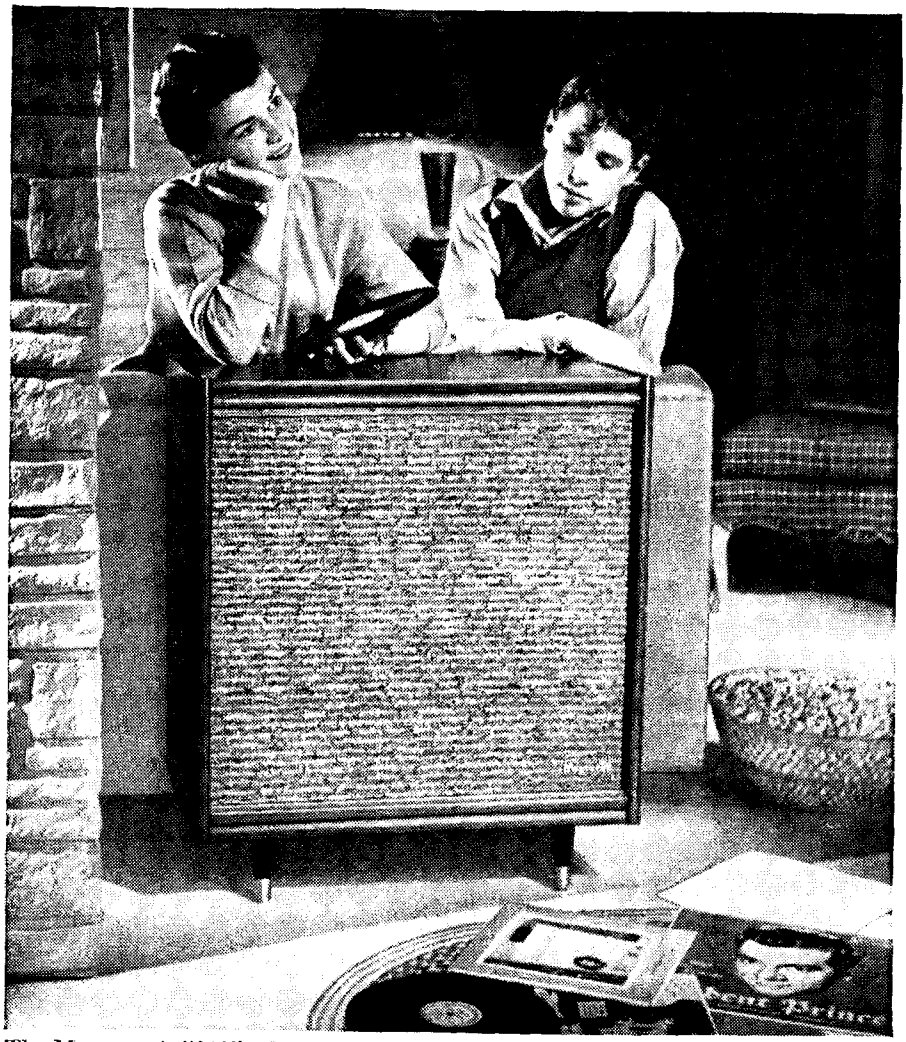
"Yuri Kazakov plays the Bayan." Russian Melodies on the Accordion. (ANG 65020) $3.98.

THE INTEREST IN folk music and dances has become such a fad since the last war that we are periodically deluged with recordings of peoples' singing and dancing from all over the world, particularly from Eastern Europe. This would be laudable if recording companies were always guided by quality in the choice of their materials. "Folk Dances and Songs from Poland" is another proof that you can not keep bringing out "just everything." It would have been wiser to leave these where they were found. Neither the orchestra nor chorus would excite any one. But I am glad that I have the occasion to mention here two other records that show discrimination in taste and values.

"Music of Bulgaria" completes the reports we have been receiving about Balkan folklore. The recorded numbers come from the performances given by the Ensemble of the Bulgarian Republic under Phillipe Koutev's direction in Paris where, during the spring of 1955, they enjoyed a great success at the Palais de Chaillot. The Ensemble is supposed to be composed of farmers, men and women. To judge from the high standards of their musicianship, they must have spent many hours away from plow and cattle.

Yuri Kazakov's American debut with the third recording (made in London) is also interesting, for apparently the thirty-two-year-old Russian musician must be a sort of Benny Goodman of the U.S.S.R., only he plays a *bayan*, an accordion. Kazakov was born in Archangelsk and during the last war, while he was in the Russian navy, he used to entertain the British and American seamen who made perilous trips to that northern port bringing supplies. After the war he continued his musical studies at the State Musical Institute in Moscow and made extensive concert tours in Russia. He has an amazing technique (his study of the piano may account for it) which he displays in a piano-virtuoso style as if he were playing Liszt's compositions. It is amusing, to say the least, to hear him play contrapuntally or imitating the bowing of a violinist.

—VICTOR SEROFF.



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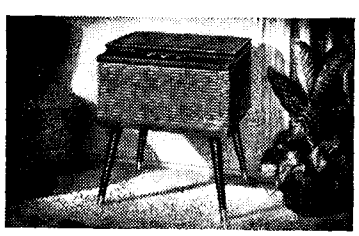

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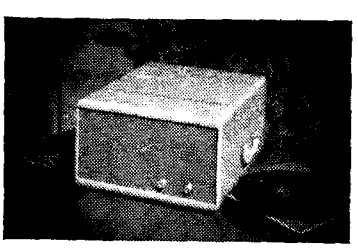

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THE AMEN CORNER

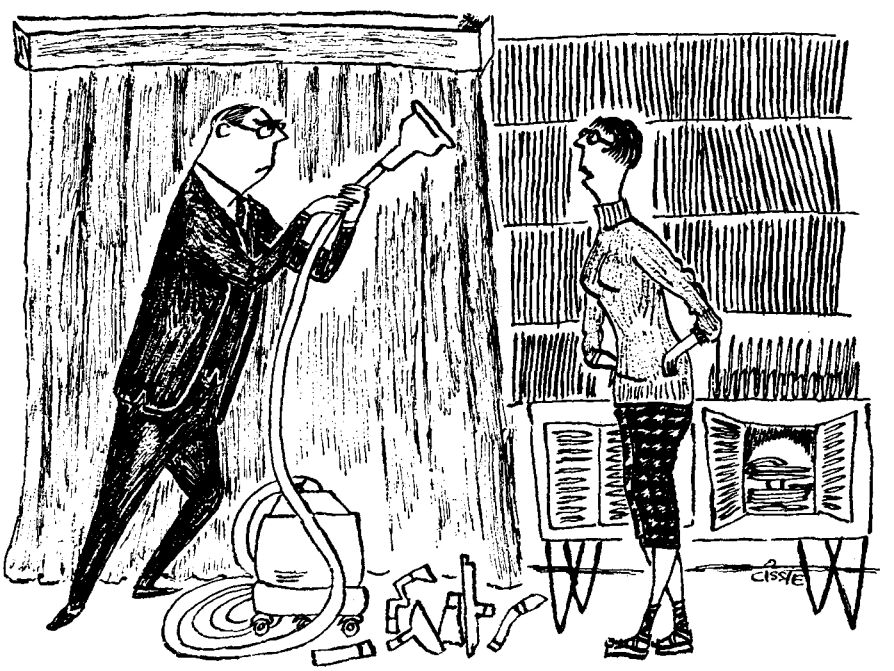
We Called It Dancing

THIS column begins with a shameless plea for the older men and their ladies. When we were younger we used to enjoy what we liked to call dancing. We still do. The editor and I are both men of a certain age, heft, and poise and we see eye to eye on this matter, so that I know I am no roaring solipsist. As for what we called dancing, any musically inclined sociologist will readily recognize three broadly defined categories of what may be further broadly defined as the social dance, North American expression. One is the slow drag or scronch or ooze, spurred on the jazz musical side by the slow blues and, on the sweet musical side, by the stickier ballads. These are forms of dance which distinctly, indeed imperatively, point toward activities not normally finalized, as they say in the American Brake Shoe Company, on the dance floor. They are not what we call dancing. On the other hand, there is the racing stomp or Lindy Hop (with its many variations), or the brisk businessman's bounce, favored by rapid dance music of one sort or another. All these gavottes are decidedly athletic, and their effects are best measured by the electrocardiagram. We often like the music, but we want none of the personal effort.

What we mean by dancing is the easy, sinuous, deftly syncopated motion about the floor which helps a man to appreciate a lady at his rhythmic leisure, with plenty of time for piquant personal exchange and none of the aspects of a muscle match. I fully realize that for many modern jazz fanciers dancing of any sort is definitely out, and that this whole discussion will brand me as a fogey. I accept the rugged impeachment. I simply ask where are the gracious, magical middle tempos of yesteryear?

I can do a good deal toward answering my own question. On most modern jazz LPs, or for that matter in most modern dancing places, the middle tempos are in very short supply. The greater part of the numbers are either flashing *scherzo* exercises, athletic *allegros,* or long drawn blue and ballads weighing, *largo,* on the spirit. And yet the middle tempos, the *andantes* and *adagios,* are not only the most persuasive to seasoned, sociable dancers like the editor and myself but, one would think, would make the strongest appeal to jazz musicians who want time to play with expression while not sacrificing a firm rhythmic pulse.

These rueful thoughts are prompted by a revival of some of the works of the late Eddie Duchin's dance orchestra (Vik LX-1043). The band sounds thin, wan, tinkling, rhythmically stodgy, even when the tunes are sturdy enough. But the tempos are



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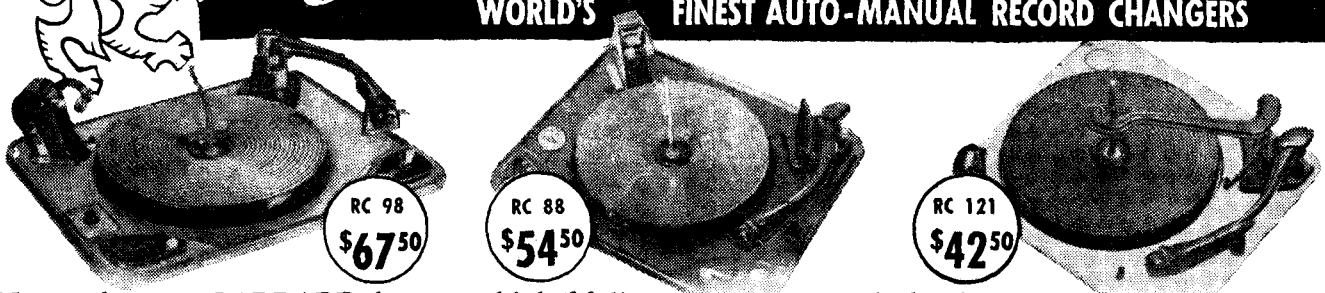

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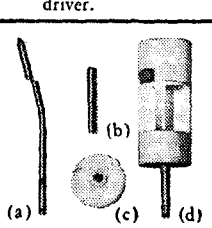

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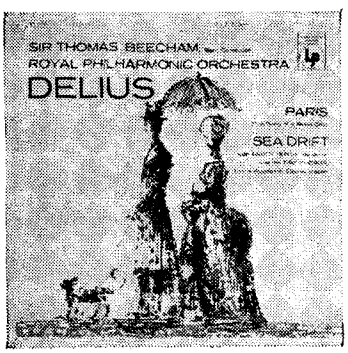

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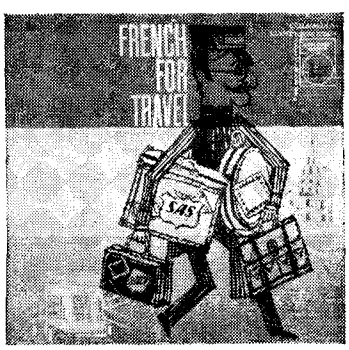

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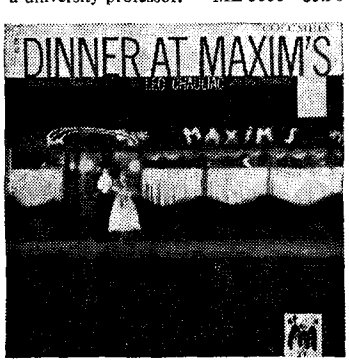

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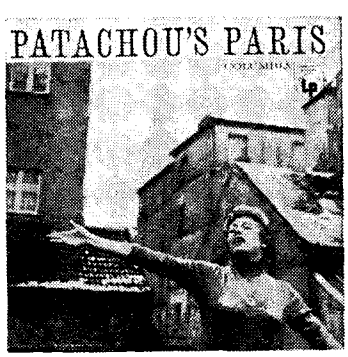

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excellent for the kind of dancing I have extolled. And just to indicate the modern jazz possibilities of these same tempos, they are used with magnificently propulsive effect in many numbers of a new Count Basie program, made up of items recorded over the past few years (American Recording Society G-402). This is, of course, widely hailed as the best big jazz band now performing, and its many virtues include superb dance music for fox-trotters in their middle years, and other lovers of fossilized forms. I would, indeed, hazard the guess that other fine jazz players who, as to tempo, emphasized the middle way would not only increase their own musical pleasure but might well improve the box-office.

SO MUCH, for the time being, about tempos and dancing styles. As for quality jazz at many tempos, a fine *olla podroda* is to be had ranging from modern masters such as trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie back to the superb blues pianist Meade Lux Lewis. Other sterling names present: Johnny Hodges, Lionel Hampton, Oscar Peterson, Billie Holliday, Lester Young, Art Tatum. These are not new recordings but a highly discriminating culling from the files (American Recording Society G-401).

Two of the best modern drummers —both keeping their places subtly and powerfully, without exhibitionism— are heard in delicious company. Shelly Manne of California heads a coruscating band of modernists: Stu Williamson, trumpet; Charlie Mariano, alto sax; Russ Freeman, piano; and Leroy Vinnegar, bass (Contemporary C3516). And the great Max Roach, a discreet wizard, backs up the assertive tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins (with Ray Bryant, piano, and George Morrow, base) in a disc which is at once tough and subtle, basic and adventuresome.

Admirers of the virtually timeless tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman—his rolling, rhythmic, fastidious style has been seasoned since the Coolidge Administration—will rejoice in a whole new LP side of his playing with pianist Dave Bowman and drummer Don Lamond. Among his rhythm numbers he inserts a lovely, controlled ballad version of "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" (Grand Award GA-33-313). Finally, the Bing Crosby nostalgics who have been hoping for an LP of early Crosbyana (1927-31) with the orchestras of Paul Whiteman and Gus Arnheim, will now find one available. It includes his memorable first recording, with whistling, of "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams" ("X" LVA-1000). Middle-aged men please notice.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Opera from Peking

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

THE one glittering success of the Second International Festival of Dramatic Art of the City of Paris, held during the summer of 1955, was that of the Peking Opera. Its eighteen performances at the Palais de Chaillot, which seats just under three thousand people, were sold out. "A door was opened on a theatrical formula, which though ancient to the Chinese, was quite new to Europe," Jeanne Maillaud wrote in *Opera* (London); "namely a perfect synthesis of song, acting, dance, music, mime, acrobatics, and the plastic and decorative arts." Angel now brings us a single record of eight instrumental solos and excerpts (of which only two appear to be from operas) in a handsome package containing helpful information, photographs, and translations. I find it all interesting, instructive, confusing, and—as music—not above suspicion.

The record contains "The Court of the Phoenix," an instrumental evocation of birdsong, largely on a *so-na* (Chinese oboe): an excerpt from Act 9 (yes, 9) of "The White Serpent," with two singers, one of them Tu Chin-Fang, a celebrated soubrette; an instrumental arrangement of a fifteenth-century air, "Moonlight on the Springtime River," arranged for two *erh-hu* (two-stringed violins), a transverse flute, a *p'i-p'a* (balloon guitar), and a *pan* (percussion clapper); an excerpt from Scene 4 of Act 8 of "The Farewell to the Favorite," again with Tu Chin-Fang and another singer; "The Return of the Fisherman," a seventeenth-century air played on one *erh-hu* and a *tseng* (zither); an episode entitled "The Three Scourges," sung and spoken in recitative by two actors; "Song of the Yunnan Province," for soprano and instruments; and an orchestral selection entitled "Dance to a Drum." The recording, taken in Paris in June 1955, is uniformly excellent throughout.

Both the sounds of instruments foreign to our ears and the wholly unfamiliar employment of the human voices (often either in falsetto or deliberately wavering) are interesting. The musical web as such is instructive, not least as showing us how a variety of Western composers, from Carl Maria von Weber to Sir Arthur Sullivan, Victor Herbert, and Giacomo Puccini, borrowed from actual Chinese music to produce pseudo-Oriental effects. (At more than one juncture, indeed, I expected Turandot herself to launch upon "In questa reggia.") The selections themselves are confusing because, I suspect, they are only incidental to the over-all gorgeousness of Chinese opera as a stage spectacle. Here we have not, that is, more than sounds that flow on, heard but not listened to, while the eyes are seduced by acting, dance, mime, acrobatics, and the plastic and decorative arts.

I found myself wondering, particularly in "Song of the Yunnan Province" and "Dance to a Drum," how much the music here recorded has been either influenced by Western practices or smoothed down for performance in the West. The "Dance to a Drum," certainly, lies not far in style from the "Oriental" effects of movie-music arrangers. Until we have the opportunity to see Chinese opera, we shall have to be content with these incidental fragments. They will probably be of interest mostly to students and to listeners with a reasonably advanced taste for the exotic. But except for occasional passages, the recording offers little of what untraveled Westerners are likely to consider autonomous beauty or expressiveness.

—*Pic, Paris.*

Female star of "The Court of the Phoenix."

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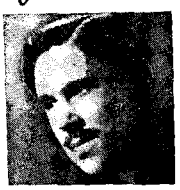

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THE OTHER SIDE

FROM BRAHMS TO GILSON

HAVING mentioned last month that we have had to wait six years for the first LP version of Brahms's "German Requiem," I am now obliged to report that the DGG set has been immediately followed and, indeed, surpassed by a new HMV record featuring the same choir and orchestra—St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the Berlin Philharmonic—under Rudolf Kempe's more positive and imaginative direction, and a decidedly superior pair of soloists in Elisabeth Grümmer and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Among this company's April releases we find, too, highly characteristic performances of Beethoven's First Symphony and the second Leonore Overture conducted by Furtwängler; a comparatively unfamiliar set of Ballet Suites, "Souvenirs," by Samuel Barber coupled with Shostakovich's well-known "Age of Gold" (Philharmonia under Kurtz); the latter's notoriously frivolous Concerto for Piano, Trumpet, and Strings, together with Prokofiev's rarely heard Piano Concerto No. 2 (Cherkassky and Philharmonia); duets from "The Pearl Fisher," "Manon," "Lucia di Lammermoor," and "L'Amico Fritz" sung by Margherita Carosio and Carlo Zampighi, and Butterworth's two A. E. Houseman cycles, "A Shropshire Lad" and "Bredon Hill," sung by the gifted young baritone John Cameron with sensitive support from Gerald Moore.

Columbia's major contribution is also a choral work: Handel's mighty oratorio "Israel in Egypt," drastically edited and largely reorchestrated by Sir Malcolm Sargent, who conducts the Huddersfield Choral Society and Liverpool Philharmonic, with Elsie Morison, Monica Sinclair, and Richard Lewis as soloists. Ardent Handelians will doubtlessly disapprove of such wholesale tampering with one of the master's outstanding works, but they may yet succumb to the fine choral singing and the superlative recording. It is not often that conductors from Central Europe take kindly to the music of Sibelius, but Karajan, having already given us notable performances of the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies, provides further proof of his sympathy by devoting his latest disc with the Philharmonia to Nos. 6 and 7—the latter, in particular, receiving a reading of outstanding power and unity. Under Galliera's direction, the same orchestra acquits itself with considerable distinction, if to less cogent purpose, in Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" and "Brazilian Impressions."

"Good heavens! You mean to say Khachaturian's a Communist?"

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Russian instrumental music played by Soviet artists is well to the fore among recent Columbia issues: the Komitas Quartet from Armenia can be heard in Shostakovich's Quartet No. 1 and the famous No. 2 of Borodin, while Eugene Malinin displays considerable prowess in Mussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition." In addition there is also a new series devoted to the Bartók Quartets played by the Vegh—the first disc, containing Nos. 1 and 2, which has just appeared, does not suggest that it is likely to supersede the splendid Juillard set—and admirers of Malcuzynski have reason to be grateful for two excellent recital discs, a miscellaneous Chopin collection and a motley assortment of pieces by Debussy, Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Prokofiev, Szymanowski, Paderewski, and Scriabin.

FROM the Decca group we have, on the parent label, Liszt's "Faust" Symphony (minus Choral Finale) and "Les Préludes," impressively played by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Ataulfo Argenta; directed by Boult. Julius Katchen for the first time deploys his far from inconsiderable pianistic talents in the service of Mozart—supported by Peter Maag and the New Symphony Orchestra he plays the Concertos in C, K.415, and D minor, K.466—but it is only too evident that this is not his natural field, for he only sounds entirely at one with the music in the Beethoven cadenzas for K.466. In the absence of further, unpublished recordings by Kathleen Ferrier Decca has lately been reduced to ringing the changes on the existing material, and the newest result of this process is a Medium Play (LD-Series) disc entitled "Kathleen Ferrier—An Anthology." It contains four characteristic and well contrasted examples of her well-remembered art, Mahler's "Um Mitternacht," "Che puro ciel" from Gluck's "Orfeo," a Northumbrian folk song and "He was despised" from "Messiah."

On London International we have two discs devoted to works by Belgian composers: Paul Gilson, Joseph Jongen, Léon Jongen, and Jean Absil. Most of these works are best forgotten, but Absil's contributions—a sparkling and succinct Piano Concerto and an impressive orchestral movement entitled "Hommage à Leueu"—suggest a musical personality well worth our attention; Ducretet-Thomson contributes a new version of D'Indy's "Symphonie sur un chant Montagnard Français" coupled with a work new to the catalogue, his "Jour d'eté à la Montagne," Ernest Bour and the Orchestre Radiosymphonique, with Daniel Wayenberg as soloist in the symphony. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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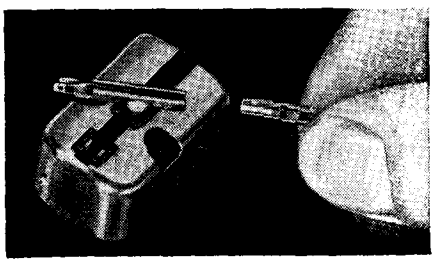

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IN 1930 Schoenberg wrote "Accompaniment Music to a Film Scene" ("Begleitmusik," Op. 34)—a hypothetical film, but one may guess what a German composer, eminently the product of his milieu, would conjure up in the era of "M" and "Dr. Caligari." "Threatening danger, fear, catastrophe" was scarcely necessary as subtitle. The calamitous progress is predicated in the weird opening string tremolos (*ponticello*). When the prognosis for the film as art was better than it is now, this was the kind of music envisaged for it. As one observer put it, "suspense is the essence of modern harmony," and suspense in a most sinister context was Germany's great contribution to cinema.

It is not just to have chills sent down the spine that Schoenberg's admirers listen to "Begleitmusik." This effect is easily derived from it, and with it now on LP (Unicorn LA 1008) fragments are bound to crop up, dubbed into television mysteries. But heard as a chain of moods alone, the work may seem monotonous. When form and feeling merge into one, when details and connections are perceived by the ear, it is something else again. Schoenberg's organization was rarely so tight, so inspired as in the decade between his first systematic twelve-tone work (1924) and his American years. Nor was his ingenuity with instruments ever greater. Unicorn's announcement of "Begleitmusik" aroused much interest among those who, try as they may in America, could almost never sample the unique orchestral texture of his middle period, since none of it was on LP and concerts rarely encompass it.

It is a pity to have this interest dampened by the reading of F. Charles Adler and his Vienna group. The inadequacy of performance is apparent even before one consults the score just published in miniature by coincidence (not a happy one for Mr. Adler). There are German orchestras that have this work in their repertory and have given it countless rehearsal hours. One of them should have recorded it for us, or should still do so, along with the towering product of the middle period, Variations, Op. 31.

Coupled with the Schoenberg is Cowell's Tenth Symphony, featured on this LP merely, I infer, because it is longer. Next to a score so tightly packed, Cowell's ideas seem the more thinly spread. He evokes early American hymns as he has done many times before and it is little wonder that he has turned out, according to his own estimate, over eight hundred works. Poor Schoenberg had to be content with some fifty, and even they are more than performers have so far been able to do justice to. A well prepared new "Pierrot Lunaire" (MGM E 3202) offers hope for the future. If we are now catching up in America with Schoenberg of 1912, perhaps in another twenty years our musicians may be able to cope with "Begleitmusik." The new "Pierrot," conducted by Winograd with Alice Howland as speaker and Steuermann as pianist, is clearer and better balanced than the earlier versions, though the first (Columbia's) remains a doc-

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ument, since the composer conducts.

An important addition to the catalogue is Stravinsky's violin concerto (Vox 9410). I wonder why it never became a regular vehicle for soloists. It has all the opportunities for display they could ask for. It satisfies the audience that looks on a concerto as a divertimento and offers serious listeners admirable shape, widely spaced sonorities and well-defined contrasts. When Milstein played it some years ago he was said to have "redeemed" it by those who knew it from readings of Dushkin, who commissioned it. This was not entirely fair to Dushkin who, if not a strong fiddler, had style. Gitlis, who has recorded the concerto with the Colonne Orchestra under Byrns, is very adept, but he could learn a few things about varied touches from Dushkin. To be sure, the mike favors the soloist, and his degree of loudness relative to the orchestra is not flattering. Also, it cannot be said who is responsible for some unsteady ensemble and the slow pacing of the final presto. But notwithstanding these reservations, Stravinsky's devotees will be strongly tempted to seek out this LP, especially since it is so shrewdly planned to include two other Stravinsky masterpieces of the same period (the Thirties): Duo Concertant and "Card Game." The Decca version of the Duo by Fuchs and Smit is far superior, but the ballet, while not flawlessly executed and though it is recorded with too much resonance for Stravinsky's neat sound, comes off rather well in the performance by the Bamberg Symphony under Hollreiser.

One of the most gratifying of recent releases is a Britten LP with two song cycles (Westminster RG 45). The Donne cycle is clearly more important than the Michelangelo, and as sung by Alexander Young it is uncommonly moving and impressive. It may be heresy to say so, but I think Young does this music better than Peter Pears. To buttress excellent diction and distinguished presentation Young has a fine voice, something not often a prerogative of first-class interpreters. More evidence of Britten's artful way with words and music is found in an assortment sung by Barbara Troxell, along with Hindemith's "English Songs" (McIntosh 1003).

If there is something common to Britten's declamatory voice lines and those of Harris (MGM E 3210), the taste differs. I keep being confident in the potential of Harris, but I do not see why he squanders himself on syrupy stuff like his "Abraham Lincoln walks at night," sung by Nell Tangeman, or the accompanying Fantasy for piano and orchestra led by Izler Solomon. Perhaps Harris needs room to expand, as in a symphony. In Ives, by contrast, the symphony brought out academicism. After a few inspirations came the task of laboriously filling out traditional proportions. I may change my mind if an adventurous spirit should ever attempt his Fourth Symphony, a work containing those prophetic innovations of his to which we so often pay lip-service. Meanwhile we must be content with his Third Symphony, which Stewart did well to record in Baltimore (Vanguard 468) now that the older version has been withdrawn.

Richard Donovan's suite for strings and oboe on the overside is a serious effort, robust and motory, but a bit short on ideas in the finale.

Two LPs of expertly played chamber music are notable for those works recorded for the first time: Malipiero's polished Fourth Quartet, which is at its best when it works up momentum (played by the Quartetto Italiano along with Prokofieff's Second Quartet on Angel 35296) and a slight but refreshing Poulenc trio (in assorted woodwind music played by the Berkshire Ensemble on Unicorn 1005).

—ARTHUR BERGER.

ILYA MOUROMETZ

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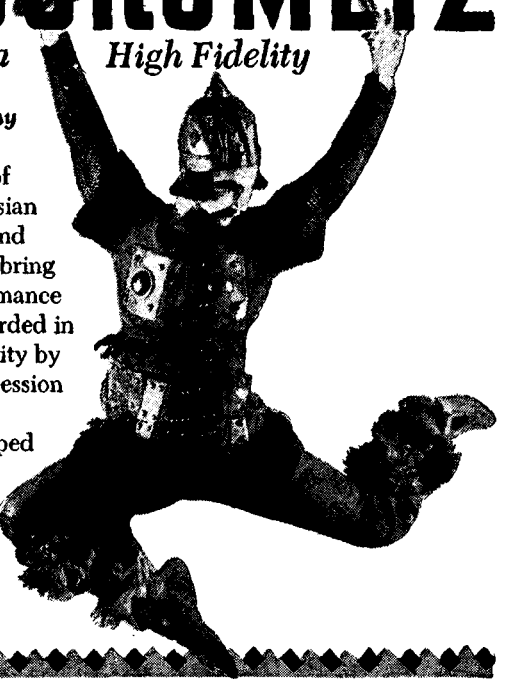

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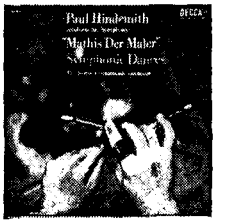

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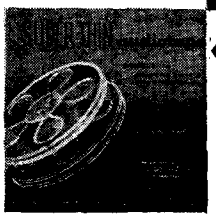

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This Month's Mozart—VI

THE concluding words of the last report filed here under the title above [*SR* Dec. 31, 1955] were "There is still a Deutsche Grammophon 'Magic Flute' on the way, so we may yet hope." This was embodied in a valuation of the London issue from Vienna, directed by Karl Böhm. The DG version is now at hand in an issue from Decca (DX 134, $13.98) directed by Ferenc Fricsay, and much about it justifies the counsel for patience. But its manifold virtues still leave it short of the memorable standard established for the phonograph, prewar, by Sir Thomas Beecham (reissued by RCA Victor as LCT-6101, $11.98).

This has less to do with the capabilities of such excellent artists as Maria Stader (Pamina), Rita Streich (the best Queen of the Night heard in years), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Papageno), Lisa Otto (Papagena), Kim Borg (High Priest), and in lesser degree Ernst Häfliger (Tamino) and Josef Greindl (Sarastro) than with the leadership of Fricsay. This is admirably precise, beautifully calculated for the microphone, expertly carried out by the RIAS Orchestra. However, it doesn't convey a really authoritative concept of the score, or a powerful feeling for its varying mood of drama, fantasy, humor, and lyricism. There is rarely any fault to be found with what he does, but it is rarely as much as could be done.

For those discontent with the omission of spoken text in the Vienna version it will be gratifying news that most of it is contained herein. A separate complement of dramatic actors (none of whose names means anything to an American listener) read these portions very well, though the spoken Papageno is a more carefree fellow than the singing one conveyed by Fischer-Dieskau.

These strictures aside, it may be noted that Deutsche Grammophon has produced a remarkably skilful translation into recorded sound of the elements that make up "Magic Flute." The ensembles are beautifully balanced, the choral group of imposing richness, the sound throughout fresh, vibrant and free from edginess.

THE first months of 1956 have been marked, otherwise, by a grateful outpouring of oddities and specialties which will be the matter of greatest profit to the collector when the anniversary activity subsides. For they are the sort of things likely to be undertaken only under such stimulus. For the past period, these are conspicuous:

CONCERTI (*K. 412, 417, 447 and 495*). *James Stagliano, French horn with the Zimbler Sinfonietta.* Boston B 401, $4.98.

An interesting issue, not only for the masterful horn-playing of the Boston Symphony's soloist, and the

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lively support of the fine ensemble from the same source, but also for the use of the new Kresge Auditorium at MIT. The string sound is a little brighter than I prefer, lacking in silkiness, but the clarity and balance are first class. As a hornist, Stagliano is given to a fuller sound than Dennis Brain and he does not have the latter's stylistic flair. It is otherwise an outstanding disc, which serves well to inaugurate the Boston University Anthology of Recorded Music series.

DIVERTIMENTO NO. 11 IN D (K. 251) and "A Musical Joke" (K. 522). *Fritz Reiner conducting members of the NBC Symphony.* RCA Victor LM 1952, $3.98.

Two deftly expert performances which are outstanding among contemporary versions of these works. The Divertimento is a delightful example of Mozart's lightest style, the "Joke" delivered with a fastidious sense of where the music ends and the jest begins, and vice versa. In other words, a full attention to the Mozartian content it contains, as well as the satiric digressions. Beautiful execution, artful reproduction.

DIVERTIMENTO IN D, K. 334 (No. 17), "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." *Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM 1966, $3.98.

Two of the finest performances put on records by the Chicago Symphony during Reiner's tenure, attesting—even more than the admired ones on a larger scale—to the solidity and expertness of the work he has done there. The string playing has a high degree of musical sophistication, especially in the tricky divertimento. If there is a reservation, it would concern the conductor's treatment of the score as a problem in sonorities (very well solved) rather than as an emotional communication.

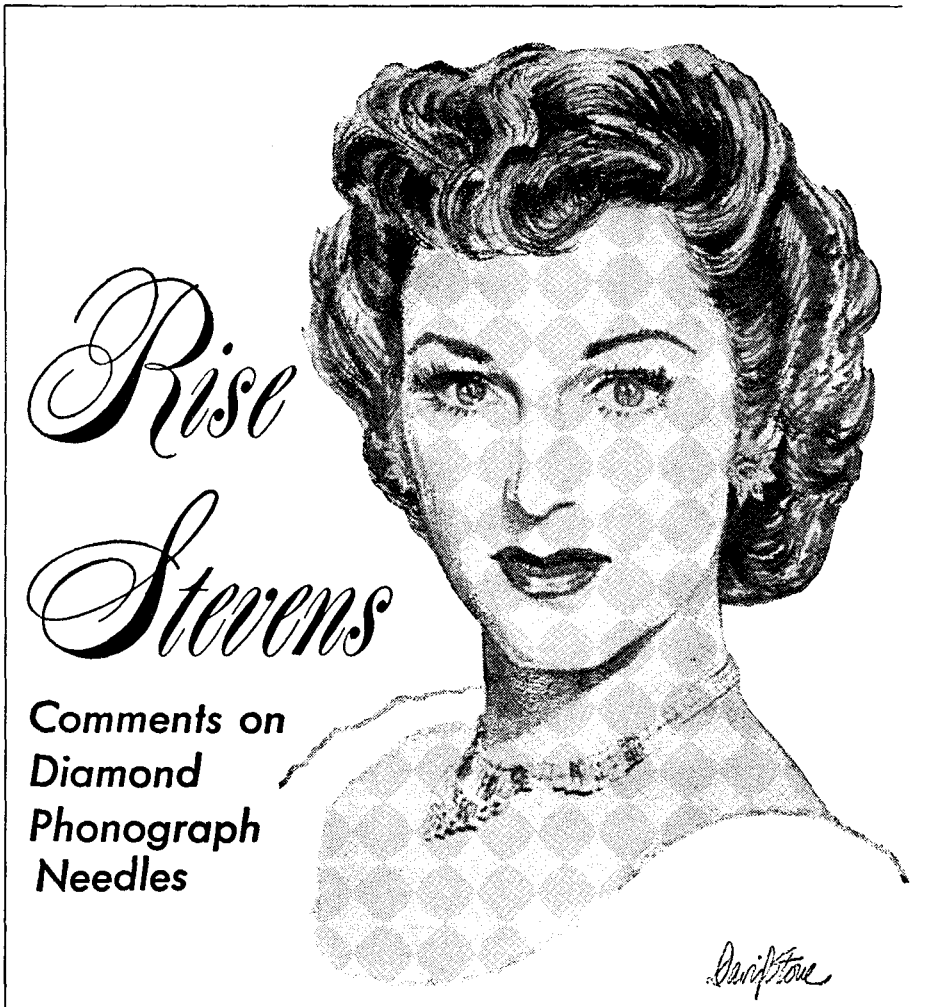
LITANIAE LAURENTANAE (K. 195). Litaniae de Venerabili Altaris Sacramento (K. 243). *Both conducted by Anthony Lewis, with Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano, Nancy Evans, mezzo, William Herbert, tenor, and George James, bass, the St. Anthony Singers, the Boyd Neel Orchestra and Ralph Downes, organ.* Oiseau Lyre 50085-6, $4.98 each.

Two beautiful, little-known churchly works of Mozart's "middle" Salzburg period (1774-1776), of which the second is the more elaborate, and rewarding to hear. It also contains a florid "Panis vivus" for tenor, which William Herbert has more than moderate difficulty negotiating. Otherwise the performances are within the capacities of the performers, if not glorified by them. Reasonably good recording.

SERENADE NO. 12 (K. 388), Divertimento No. 15, K. 287. *Arthur Fiedler and his Sinfonietta.* RCA Victor LM 1936, $3.98.

More than one anniversary is comprehended in this release, for the re-recording reminds us that both works were pioneered by Fiedler in days when music of either type was hard to come by on records. The new performances have all the virtues of the old and, of course, vastly improved sound. They are played in a dryer, less personal style than existing versions from Vienna. The best of these is by the members of the Vienna Octet (London LL-1239, $3.98). Here the only question concerns the prominence of the first violin. There is a tradition of playing it as very much a solo part, but it is better heard as a dominant rather than an overshadowing element. Willi Boskovsky (presumably) is the leader, and excellent too; but the elements with him should be subordinate rather than subdued. Nevertheless, the general style is more attractive than in the Boston offering.

SERENADE (GRAN PARTITA) IN B FLAT, K. 361. *Ernest Ansermet conducting members of the Suisse Romande Orchestra.* London LL 1274, $3.98. One can hardly overpraise the culti-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vated command of the instruments (clarinets, basset horns, oboes, French horns) employed by these musicians, or the excellence of the reproduction. However, Ansermet hears Mozart in a restrained, understated way that has rarely been convincing to me. Here he seems to subdue the interpretative impulse of the players rather than animating it. I prefer the Vienna Philharmonic Winds on Westminster or the RIAS ensemble on Telefunken.

SINFONIA CONCERTANTE, K. 364. *Nap de Klijn, violin, and Paul Godwin, viola, with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Vienna Symphony.* Epic LC 3197, $3.98.

Technically proficient, musically competent, but emotionally bland projection of this lyric masterwork. A rather futile duplication since such solo players as Barylli and Doktor (for Westminster), the Fuchses (for Decca) and Stern and Primrose (for Columbia) have examined this work from varied viewpoints. The ensemble between the solo players is not as tight as it might be, the orchestral background somewhat nondescript. On side two de Klijn emerges as a violinist of superior taste and discrimination, with a fine command of a delightful violin sound in three isolated movements written by Mozart for the virtuoso Brunetti. Included are the superb E major adagio (K. 261) which Mozart obligingly substituted for the original in his A major concerto at the soloist's request; a Rondo Concertante in B flat (K. 269) and a Rondo in C (K. 373).

SONATA IN D *(K. 448),* **VARIATION:** *(K. 501). Robert and Gaby Casadesus.* $3.98.

Lively, sympathetic performance of works well known both for their quality and their singularity. Very good piano reproduction. (Overside they play, also understandingly, the F minor fantasia and the opus 84, No. 1, variations of an interloper named Schubert.)

SYMPHONIES NOS. 36, 39, 40 AND 41. *Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM 6035, $7.98.

The quality of performance in these is much the same as noted above for the D major Divertimento by the same conductor and orchestra. Here again the virtues have to do with transparency of texture, clarification of detail and insight into the composer's musical thinking. In such context, the finales in all the symphonies are especially well conveyed, the slow movements not so well. —I. K.

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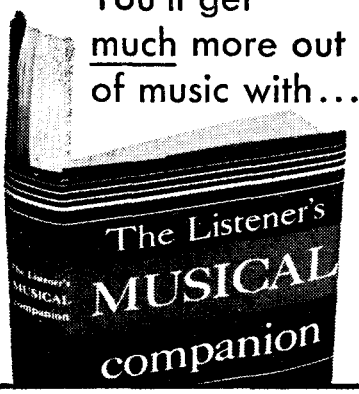

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Back to Pre-Bach

By HAROLD LAWRENCE

IN AUGUST 1923 Compton Mackenzie wrote in *The Gramophone:* "We have not yet got on the gramophone one complete Mozart symphony, one complete Haydn symphony, or even one movement of a Brahms symphony. We have a negligible library of the great songs of the world. We have practically nothing but isolated movements of the great chamber music. Repetition may be the soul of wit, but it is the heel of Achilles in the gramophone world. For the sake of Orpheus and his lute give us the fourth symphony of Beethoven, the seventh symphony and the eighth symphony, before you give us two versions of 'Don Juan' or the 'Siegfried Idyll' or Ravel's 'Mother Goose Suite.'"

Things have certainly changed. A quarter of a century and thousands of records later, there were many more duplications than those of 'Don Juan' and the 'Siegfried Idyll.' At the same time, vast areas of non-standard repertoire still remained as untouched as was the complete string quartet when Sir Compton founded his famous monthly record review. For the explorer in search of pre-Bach music, the chief source of supply was *L'Anthologie Sonore.* In this collection he could find a sampling of representative works from the eleventh century up to the French Revolution, with special emphasis on the earlier periods. Under the direction of Curt Sachs, authenticity was strictly observed. Performances were therefore on a generally high level, although some of the pressings (particularly those of the first five volumes) seemed of pre-Bach origin. Since the advent of LP other anthologies have emerged: Haydn Society's "Masterpieces of Music before 1750," and RCA Victor's "History of Music in Sound." Deutsche Grammophon's Archive Production differs from these series in that it presents complete works rather than brief examples.)

For the discophile eager for more than a smattering of musical knowledge of older music, the LP repertoire now offers an astonishing variety of integral works. The latest additions to the catalogue in the hands of this reviewer range from Lassus to Couperin. Unicorn Records, a Boston firm determined to steer clear of the standard literature, has come up with two more LP premières: Lassus's Missa, "Puisque j'ay perdu," and Palestrina's Missa Veni Sponsa Christi (UNLP 1013, $3.98). Both works are "parody" masses. In the sixteenth century, the word "parody" did not mean mocking imitation, but rather a deliberate and open borrowing from a motet, chanson, or plainchant for the purpose of incorporating into the mass. This explains the titles of these two works; Palestrina adopted an earlier motet, Lassus a secular chanson. The Vienna Kammerchor led by Hans Gillesberger produces beautiful sounds: intonation is pure, entrances are smooth, never ragged, and there is an admirable blending of parts. The recording itself is a model of clarity, with just the right amount of reverberation. The keen yet not overdeveloped rhythmic awareness which characterizes Gillesberger's conducting is welcome in the more dramatic

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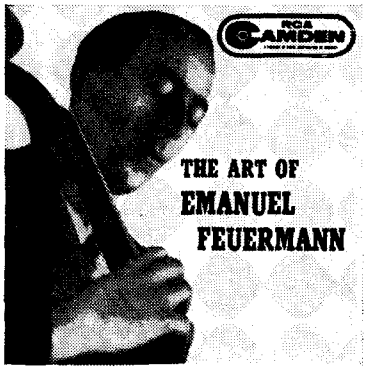

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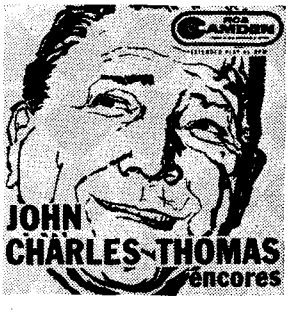

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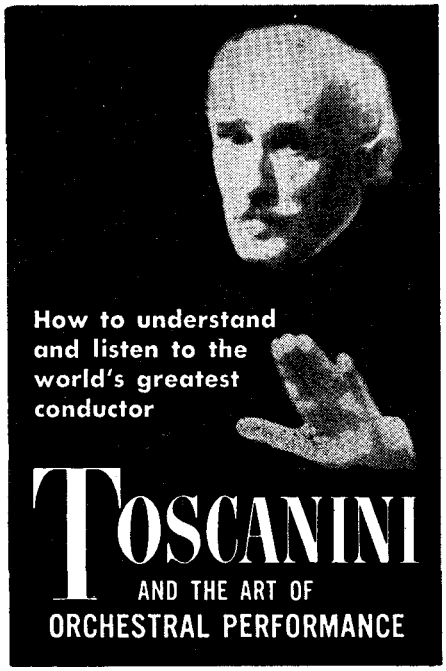
portions of the text but misplaced in sections where the music should proceed with the serene imperceptible movement of clouds across a clear blue sky. Here the shifting harmonic patterns are nudged along by an impatient twentieth-century pulse.

The beat is slower in a collection of Spanish choral music performed by the Capilla Clásica Polifónica under Enrique Ribó (Angel 35257, $4.98). In works by sixteenth-century composers Victoria, Morales, Brudieu, and Vasquez there is a stylistic gain, despite the fact that the Viennese are superior vocally. Oddly enough, the Spanish choir (members of the Municipal School of Music in Barcelona) is less effective in traditional music. The Andalusian song, "Paloma revoladora" ("The Whirling Dove"), for example, opens with an "Ay!" that sounds as ferocious as the yawn of a kitten. The recording is technically first-class.

Five months ago RCA Victor released a "Romeo and Juliet" album including various musical works inspired by Shakespeare, as well as scenes from the play itself—a "package" which by any other name would still contain a hodgepodge. Westminster's tie-in of settings by Marenzio and Monteverdi of the same texts from Guarini's "Il Pastor Fido" is musically more to the point. For back to back on a superbly recorded disc by the Golden Age Singers (WLE 105, $5.75) are eloquent examples of the art of two of the most significant figures in Italian musical history. Published not more than a decade apart, the treatments illustrate contrasts and relations between the two composers; Luca Marenzio (1553-1599) was the culminating point of Italian madrigal writing with its delicate phrasing and



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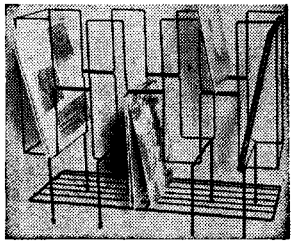

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easeful polyphony, while Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) the revolutionary, plunged into new styles of dramatic intensity and bold harmonic advances.

Marenzio may have occupied a terminal position in musical history but his influence was a fertile one. In 1595 a thirty-two-year-old singer and lute virtuoso named John Dowland studied with Marenzio at the latter's apartment in the Vatican and brought home to England a deep appreciation of the older composer's music. In his own songs, however, Dowland was distinctly English in feeling. Seven of his songs for voice and lute have been recorded on London International (TW 91067, $4.98) by Richard Lewis, tenor. Mr. Lewis proved, some eight years ago on a pair of unreleased 78rpm disks of songs by Purcell, that he was a sensitive interpreter of early English music. The present issue confirms that impression. Two factors detract from this otherwise excellent recital: 1) an overreverberant studio robs the songs of any required intimacy, and 2) the use of a piano instead of a lute or guitar accompaniment (Jacqueline Bonneau is the capable pianist) is unfortunate. How much more effective were the three Dowland songs performed by Aksel Schiøtz on HMV with guitar accompaniment! (Schiøtz, incidentally, appears on the overside as a baritone in a group of Bellman songs with Bonneau at the piano. The artistry is there but the voice is sadly inadequate. Three of the songs had been recorded a decade ago for HMV with lute and guitar when Schiøtz was in his prime. The versions on London merly make one wish for a re-issue of the older Danish recordings.)

Apart from Dowland, all of the above musicians concentrated their creative energies on vocal music. The Baroque era on the other hand witnessed the rise of such great instrumental composers as François Couperin, whose main contribution lay in chamber music and works for the harpsichord. Virtually unknown to the music lover are Couperin's organ compositions, all of which are early works, written when the composer was twenty-one and held the post of organist at St. Gervais. Two organ masses date from this period; the first, Messe Solennelle (pour les Paroisses), has been recorded for London's Paris affiliate, Ducretet-Thomson (DTL 93039, $4.98) by Gaston Litaize. The organ used, that of St. Merry in Paris, is a powerful instrument yet capable of great clarity. Although the work is uneven (its sections were to be interpolated at different times in the service), there are some remarkable moments.

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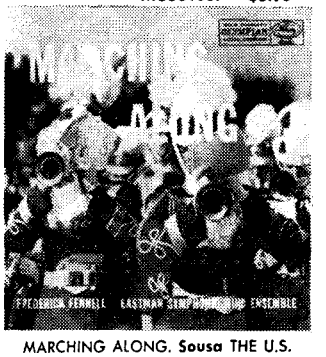

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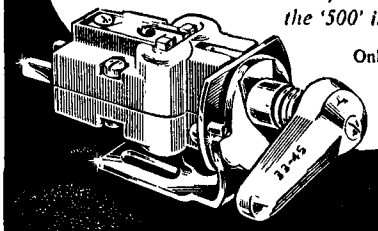

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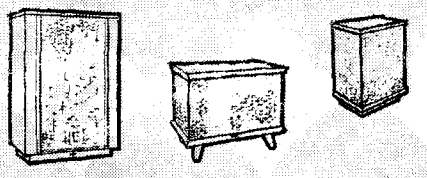

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

HOROWITZ AND RACHMANINOFF

SR Mar. 31 has just reached me, and I was particularly interested to read the letter from Mr. Ehrlich of Detroit, Michigan, on the subject of Mr. Horowitz and the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 and the Editor's Note.

My interest is stimulated mainly by the fact that I have been having discussions with Mr. Horowitz about the recording of the Rachmaninoff No. 2, and I am hopeful that before too much time elapses Mr. Horowitz will be recording that work for us. He is currently engaged in recording solo repertoire for us, and as soon as this project is completed we hope to begin on the Concerto.

My purpose in writing this letter is to reassure Mr. Ehrlich that we have no desire to withhold from the public the Rachmaninoff No. 2 by Mr. Horowitz. On the contrary, we have done everything to advance the realization of this project, and I am sure that it will come as welcome news to him, as well as to other readers of *The Saturday Review*, that such a recording plan does exist and is to be put into action in the near future.

Alan Kayes, *manager;*
Red Seal Artists and Repertoire.
New York, N. Y.

FURTWANGLER NINTH

Ever since your review of the Furtwängler record of the Beethoven Ninth [*SR* Jan. 28] I have watched eagerly for further announcements as to its availability in this country. Can you give any information about it?

Also, you informed readers some months ago that RCA was considering the re-issue of his famed Tchaikovsky "Pathetique." Any further developments? There is still not a recording in the current catalogue that can match it.

Thomas W. Chandler, Jr.
Atlanta, Ga.

Editor's Note: *The Ninth is scheduled for late fall issue. Nothing yet on the "Pathetique."*

IN PRAISE OF BUSONI

It was a joy to read Fred Grunfeld's fine article on Busoni and "Arlecchino" [*SR* Mar. 31]. Busoni has been dead nearly a quarter of a century, and for most of that time it appeared likely that his scholarly but highly individualistic works would be forgotten. A musicians' musician, he inspired many of his colleagues to praise; in your magazine Artur Rubinstein paid his respects to Busoni the composer last month. Yet his works are seldom heard. I hope this article and the work itself as heard on the record may inspire enough interest to encourage performances and recordings of some of his other compositions, as well as recordings of his *welte mignon* and player piano performances, a few of which have been

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released and are, in my opinion, incomparable.

CRAIG LEMAN, M.D.

Brookline, Mass.

BALLIETT ON JAZZ

I THINK IT'S about time someone took postcard in hand to register an appreciation of Whitney Balliett's fresh, forceful jazz criticism. Mr. Balliett seems to do in writing about jazz what the best musicians do in the performance of it.

SAMUEL S. VAUGHAN.

Tenafly, N. J.

GUSTAVE MAHLER SOCIETY

I SHOULD LIKE to bring to the attention of your readers the formation of the International Gustav Mahler Society. It was founded last November in Vienna with Bruno Walter as honorary president. Of course, the purposes of the Society are varied, but the most important is the publication of a complete, authentic edition of Mahler's works. Perhaps of more interest to record collectors would be the Society's sponsoring of records of performances "of the highest possible standard" (direct quote from the prospectus).

Financial support will naturally be required. All those interested may contact: International Gustav Mahler Society, Bösendorferstrasse 12, Vienna 1, Austria.

CLINTON CARPENTER.

Wilmette, Ill.

BOOST FOR "BIRD"

JUST A NOTE to tell you how much I appreciated the Charlie Parker issue [*SR* Mar 17]. As a long time jazz enthusiast it gives me great pleasure to see such leading magazines as *SR*, *Harpers*, *Time*, etc. devoting space to that which is the only true American art form.

I especially enjoyed Billy Taylor's article on jazz pianists and silently applauded his reference to Hank Jones—one of the most brilliant talents in the business. I'm sure it would be of interest to many if you did an occasional profile-type article featuring leading jazz artists. Balliett or Hobson could do this well. Their work is consistently interesting.

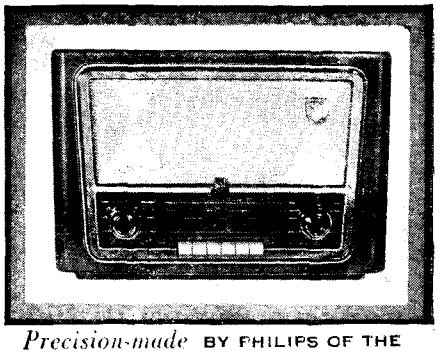
LIZ MOUNT.

Kankakee, Ill.

WHY ANALYZE JAZZ?

LONG AGO I came to absorb the prevalent feeling among *real* jazz musicians that jazz is meant only to be heard. At that time the jazzmen's tacit contempt was for those of their youthful admirers who insisted upon dancing rather than listening. But today I wonder if it is not—like my own—directed toward that increasing number of sterile intellectuals who seem bent on talking and writing jazz to death with their effusive, ineffectual "analyses."

It is easy to imagine the baffled amusement of such now-legendary figures as King Oliver, Bessie Smith, Kid Ory, *et al.* if they could read some of the idolatrous nonsense purporting to "explain" their music and motives (the latter, largely nonexistent). When will these self-styled



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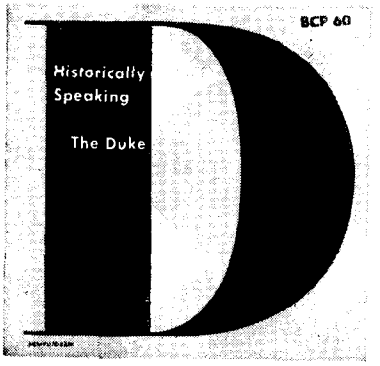

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authorities admit that the early, great jazz—along with its most notable exponents—was, and is, pretty basic, if not uncomplex (its complexities, however, never having been of the sort which lend themselves to wordy dissection)?

One of the fundamental forms of expression, jazz is played and sung because it *has* to be, by a handful of people who, unaccountably, seem to have no other choice. Hoping to hear less from Greenwich Village and more from New Orleans.

JOHN P. HAWKINS.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Just because it's basic doesn't mean it isn't appraisable. Why discriminate against Greenwich Village, where Eddie Condon has found a happy home?*

MAHLER WANTED

DURING THE past two years Bruno Walter has done his most prolific and, in this person's opinion, some of his best work. As he seems to be in great demand with the public these days, would it be too obvious an idea for Columbia to turn out a recording of his forthcoming performance of Mahler's great Symphony No. 2, the "Resurrection"?

For that matter, it would be a lasting tribute to Walter's greatness as a Mahler interpreter if he would do those other Mahler symphonies he hasn't already recorded. I think it would be a crime against musical posterity if this opportunity were passed over. I might add that the same would hold true of a Walter-Bruckner symphony cycle.

ALAN BENDINER.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A Mahler Centenary is due in 1960 for those who have the patience.*

GARDEN ON COLUMBIA

PLEASE TELL Bill Whiting [*SR* Nov. 26] that Columbia actually did reissue a Mary Garden record. About two years ago Columbia offered free historic reissues for buying new LPs. Among the offerings were Garden's "Il est doux, il est bon" from "Herodiade." As for Marjorie Lawrence, Victor has in cold storage her excellent version (in French) of Brunnhilde's "Immolation." There should also be available Lawrence's singing of Ortrud's part of the Ortrud-Elsa duet from "Lohengrin"; Germaine Martinelli was the soprano. I wish we could pry these discs out of Victor, along with Eide Norena's coupling of "Caro Nome" and the "Cavalleria" "Balletella," which Victor promised me long ago but never did release.

JAMES PALMER WADE.

New York, N.Y.

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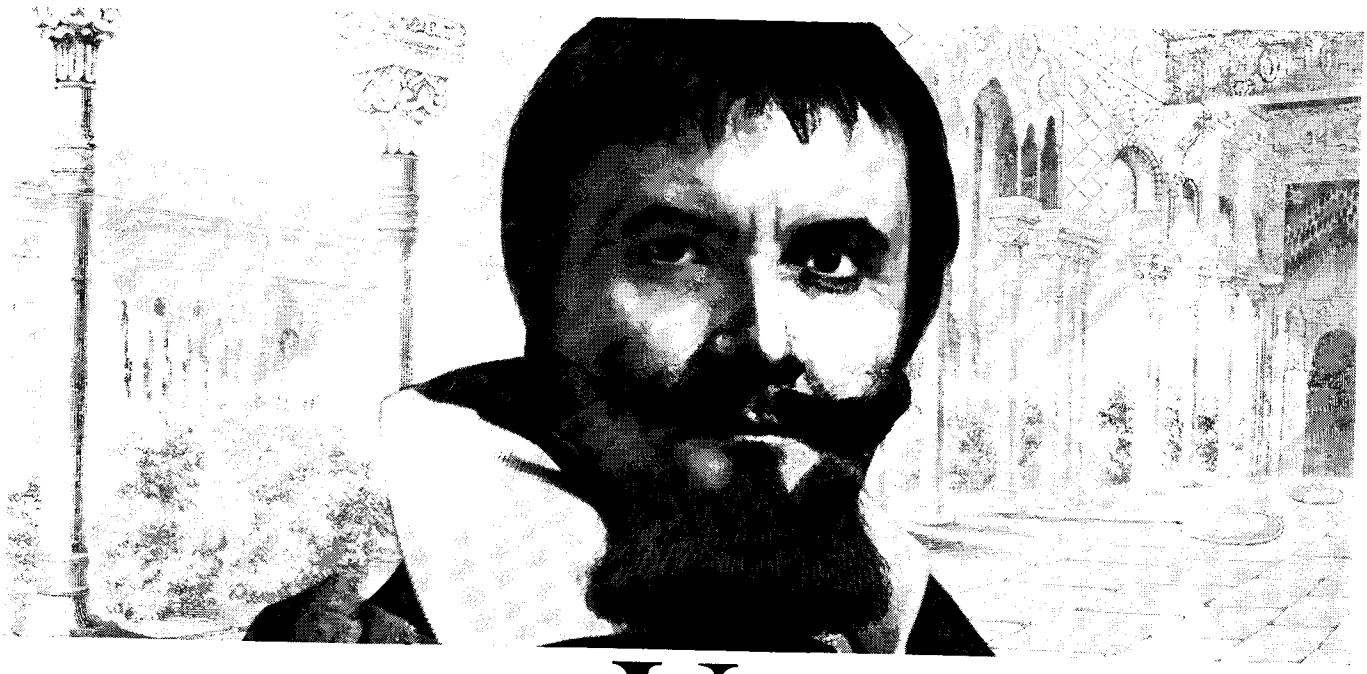

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